2/-

The Sketch

No. 2858 Vol. CCXX

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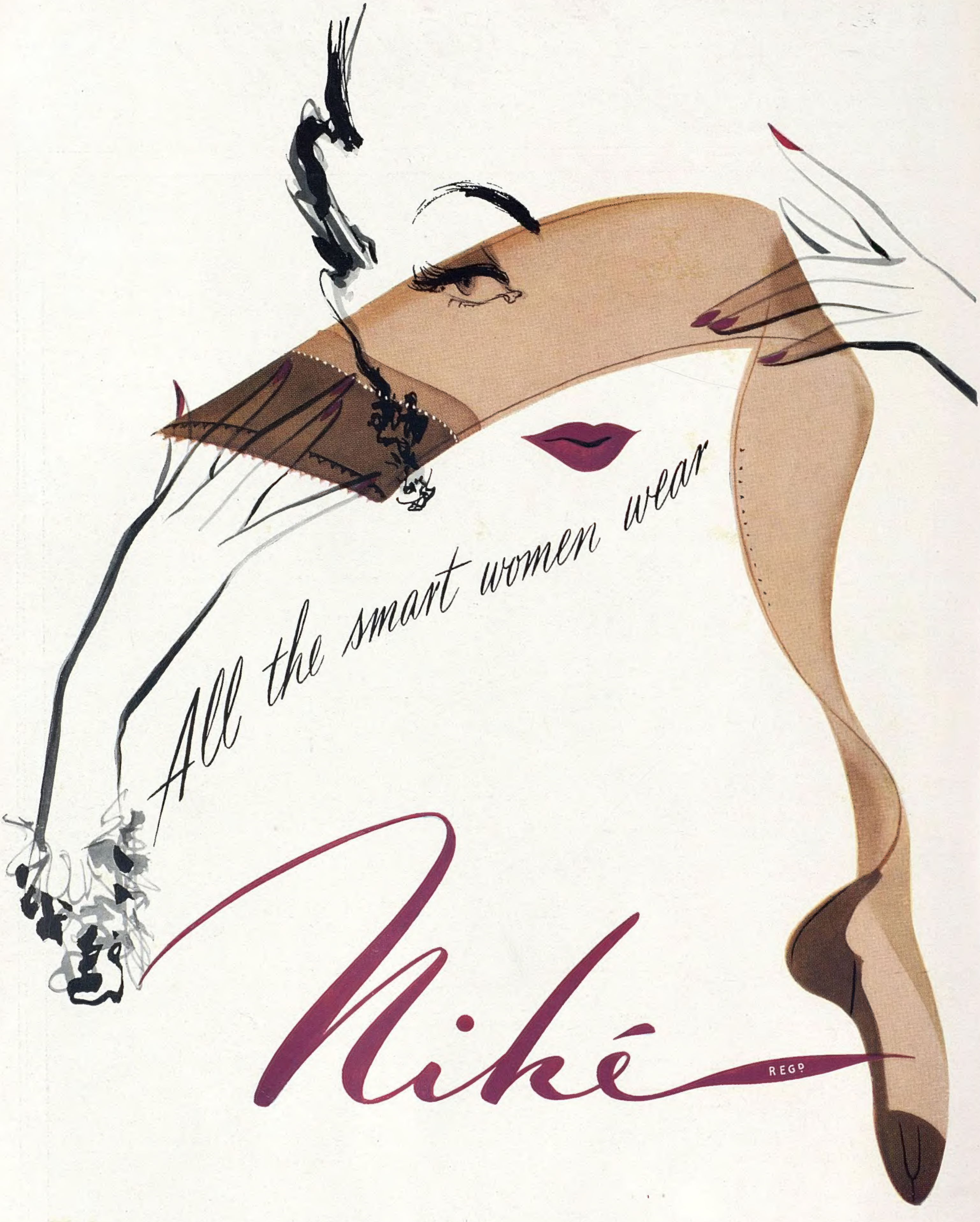
APRIL 21, 1954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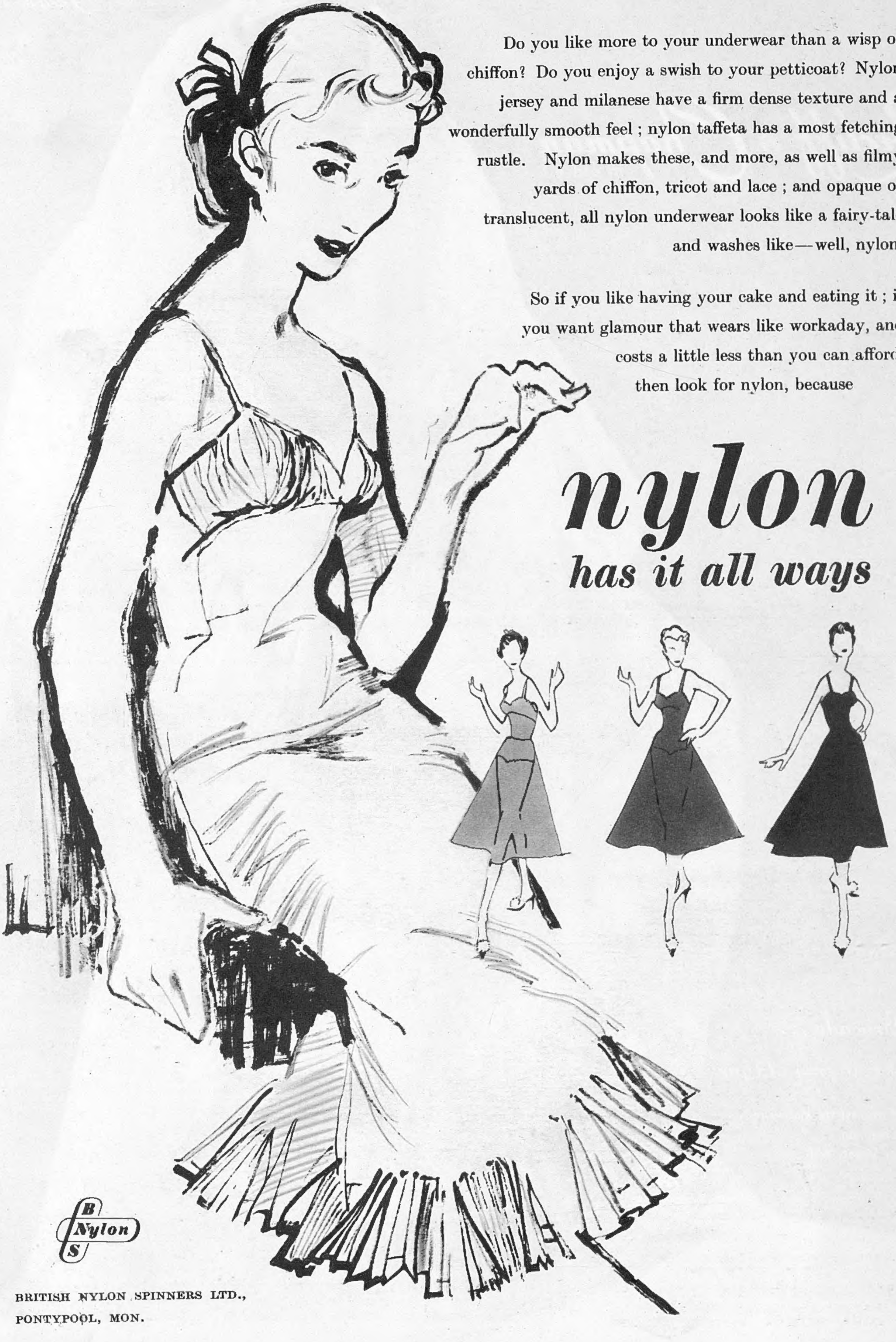

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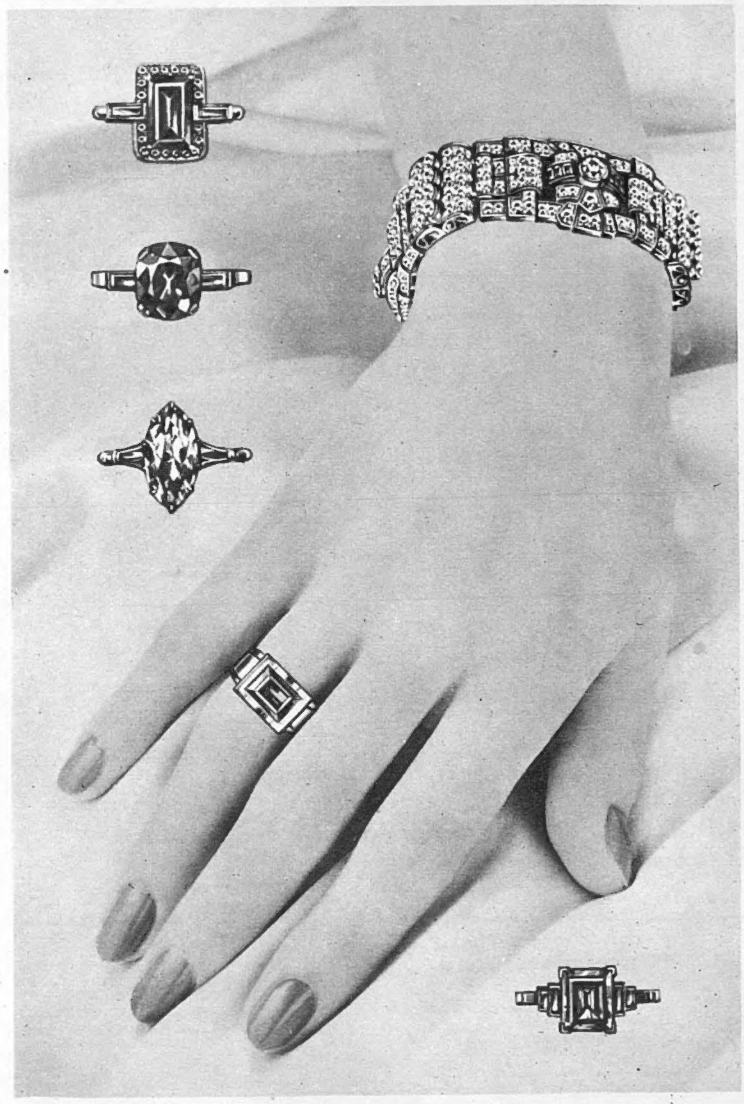

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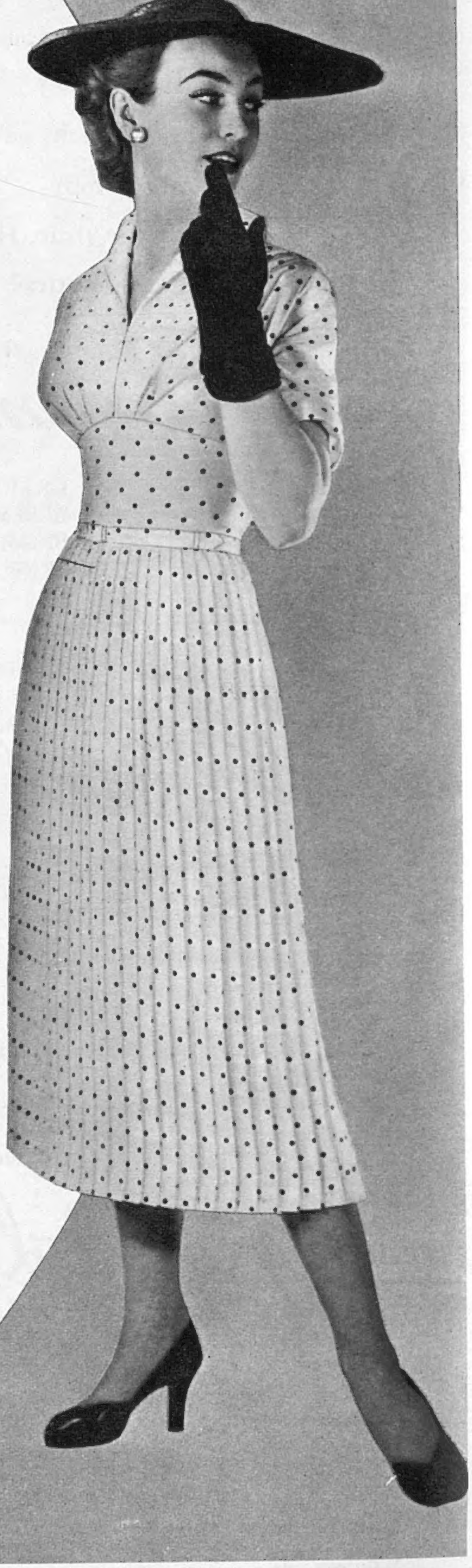

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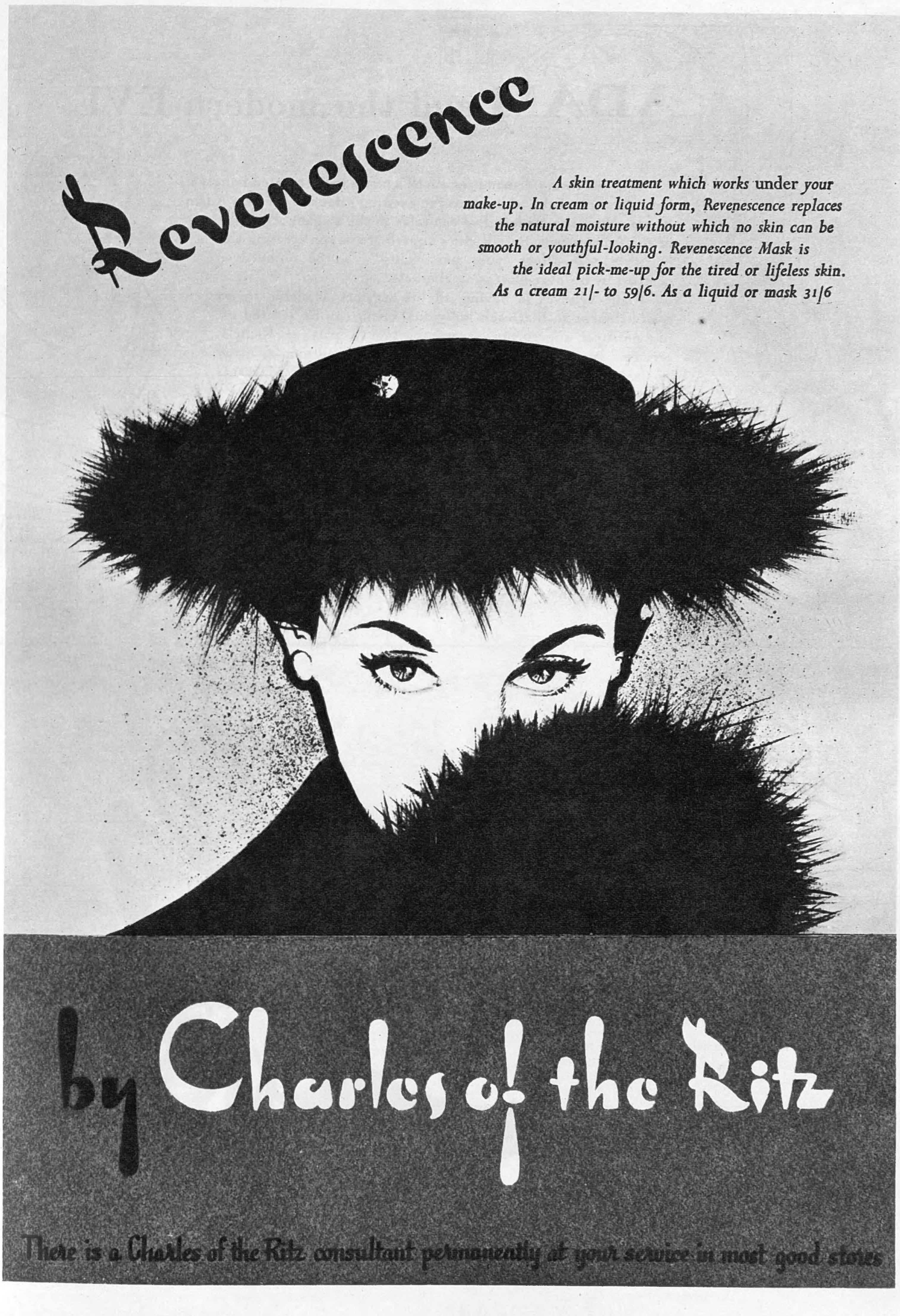
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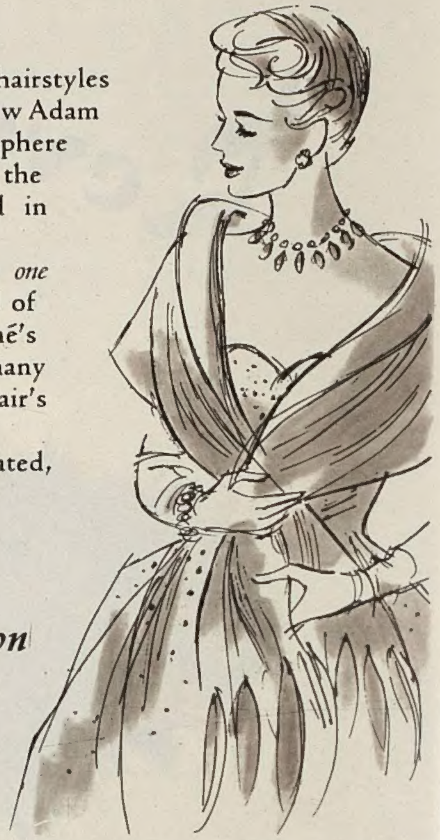

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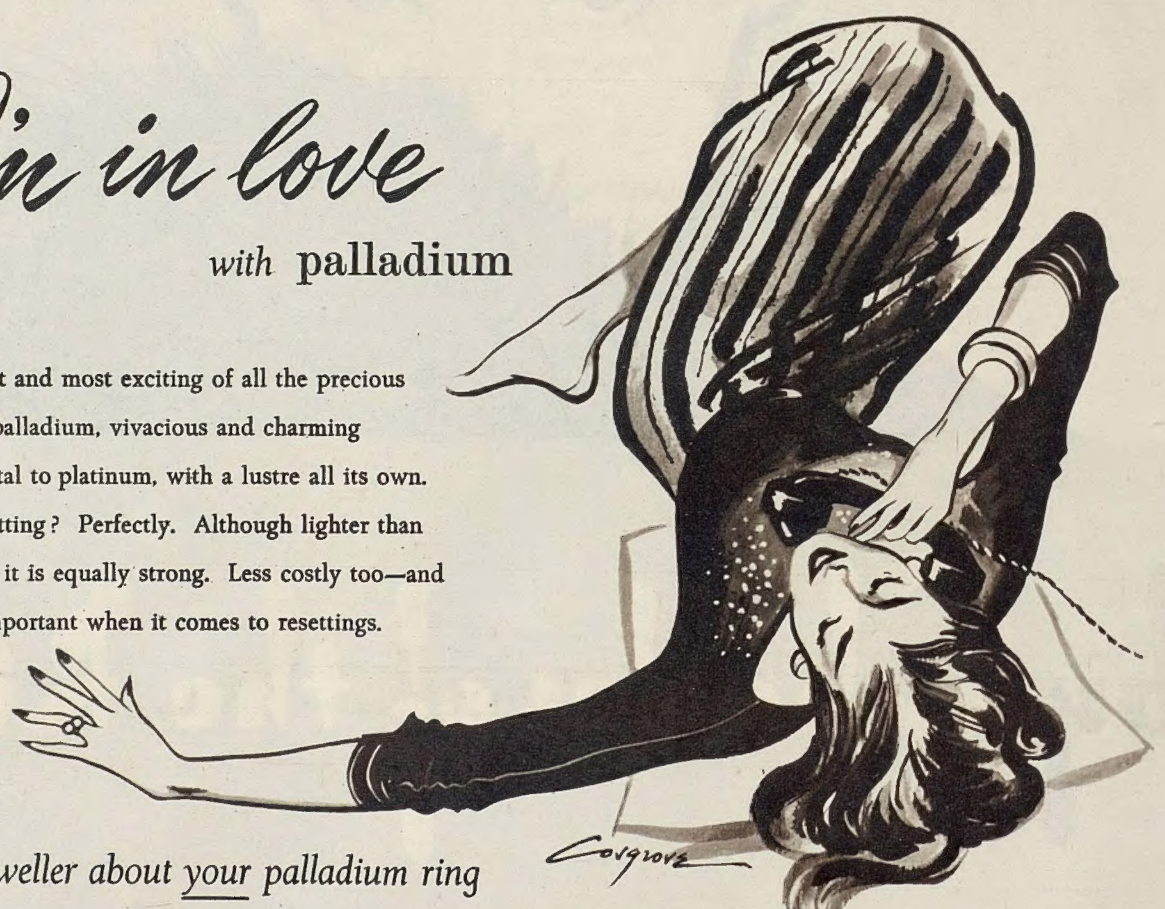

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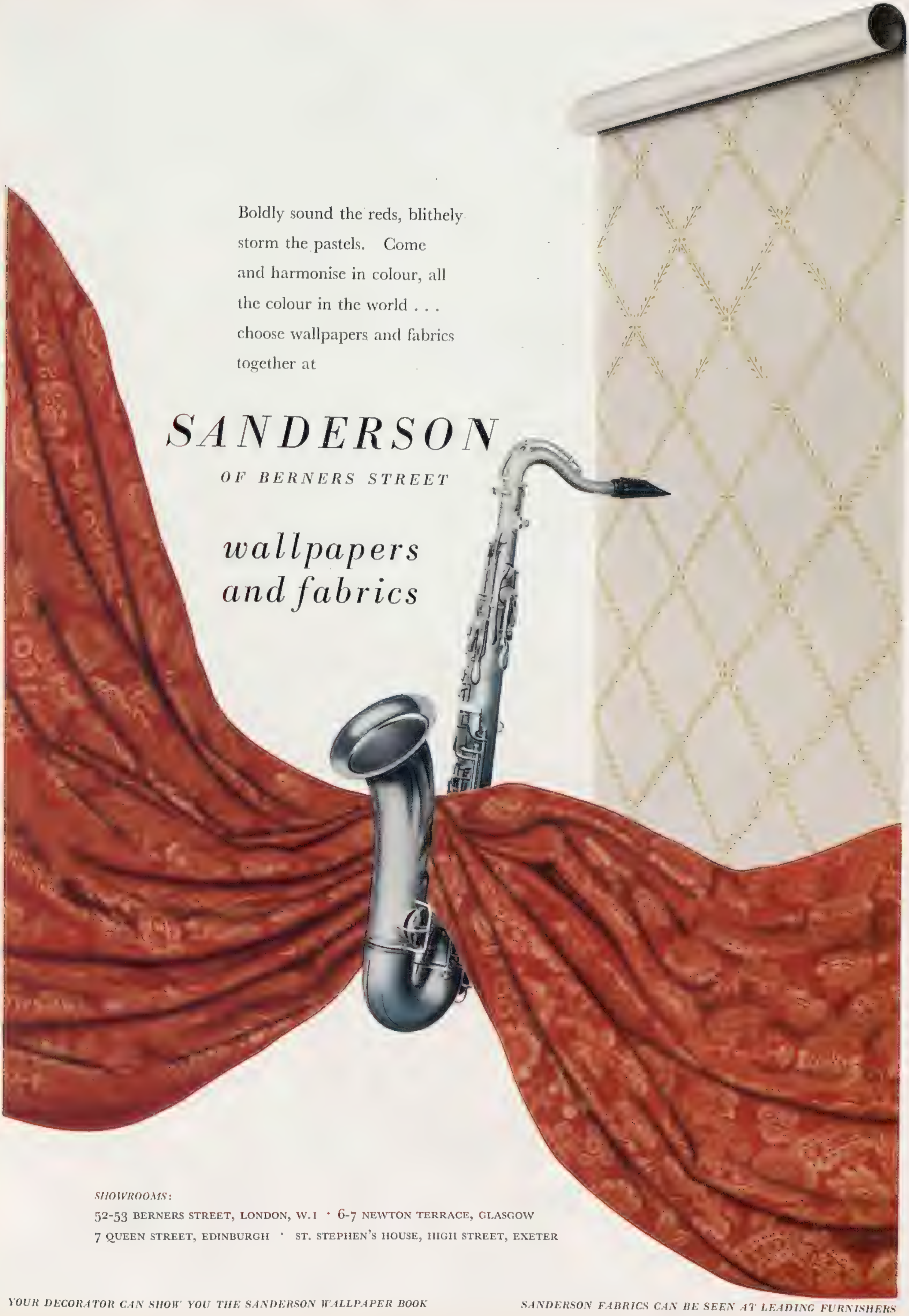
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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1954.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

(Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

We are sure our readers will all join with us in wishing Her Majesty, on this her birthday, with the end of the Royal Tour in sight, "many happy returns" in every sense. The unqualified success of the Tour has proved with what affection the Queen is regarded by her subjects in all the most distant outposts of the Commonwealth, but the Royal couple have been away from their own shores for long enough, and the "welcome home" which will greet their return will be a deeply heartfelt one. In this delightful study by Baron, Her Majesty is wearing a yellow tulle evening gown decorated with sprays of mimosa and gold paillette embroidery, and with it she wears the blue Ribbon and Star of the Garter. The diamond tiara was a wedding present from Queen Mary, and her necklace from the Nizam of Hyderabad.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY CLUB OF LONDON DINNER: The 249th dinner of the Edinburgh University Club of London at the Savoy Hotel on March 26th was very much a pipes and haggis occasion, with Mr. G. H. Macnab providing songs of Scotland to the accompaniment of Mr. D. H. Mackenzie. Guests of honour were the Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison, Speaker of the House of Commons, who was in the chair, Sir Edward Bridges, Mr. Eric Linklater and Mr. J. C. Masterman. Artist "Mac" found guests divided naturally into common-interest groups: Lord Waverley (the President) talked with fellow-Watsonians Sir Richard Snedden, Mr. W. S. Morrison, and snuff-taking Mr. John Senter. In one corner, Mr. A. G. A. Mackay and Mr. J. A. Richardson, outstanding boxing Blues in their day, amiably fought old matches over again. In another, Dr. Isaac Jones, Chief M.O. to the Metropolitan Police, discussed "clues" with thriller-writer Mr. J. C. Masterman, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford. "Mac" says the dinner was a great success—by the end of the evening everyone was "burring"!

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

THE Editor having officially declared Spring open, one may permit oneself a discreet frisk here and there. I appear recently to have been following Spring around. I saw it first in Greece, where the grass was of that vivid green which, alas, in Mediterranean countries so soon withers away under the sun; where the sides of the road were bright with wild iris, and where "many-scented hymettus" (do I quote correctly?) was a profusion of wild hyacinths and a peculiarly lovely purple flower which seemed to my unbotanical eye to be a kind of fritillary. (I am very little of a gardener, but I find that a few names pronounced firmly and uncompromisingly, such as *Cedris atlantica glauca*, will normally intimidate all but expert opposition.)

In Rome it was already as warm as on a warm English summer day—and a lot warmer than most. It was a little early, of course, for the great cascades of wistaria tumbling over tawny walls which make Rome in May one of the most enchanting spots on earth, but it seemed good enough to me.

In London the Spring is, as you have noticed, with us. The authorities are busily taking up many thoroughfares in order to accustom us to the finer and better traffic jams of high summer, and my gormless blue roan spaniel, now staid and middle-aged, tends to go crazy in the Park and dash madly round in circles, ears flapping. (Talking of traffic jams and the Park, Alan Lennox-Boyd and his chums will have to think again about the traffic lights which they have installed at the junction of Exhibition Road, Kensington Gore, and the entrance to the Park. Some genius has so "phased" the lights that there is now a perpetual traffic jam.)

I COULD, alas, only spend twenty-four hours in Rome. Enough, however, to fall in love with it all over again. What an enchanting city it is! And what an attractive race the Romans are! Here I am going to stick my neck out, and shall probably be shouted down by the feminine element among my readers. Obviously, one must like Paris and the Parisians, but in spite of their *chic*, I must place it on record that I consider the average Parisienne distinctly unattractive. The Roman women, on the other hand, seem to have all the elegance of the Parisiennes and good looks and attraction too.

It was nice while in Rome to meet for the first time for fifteen years Count Giulio de Balzo. I went to see Giulio in the Palazzo Chigi—surely the only Foreign Office in the world to have Venetian glass chandeliers ?—of which he is now the head. Time, indeed, marches on. When Giulio was in London, he was the First Secretary. Now he told me he was contemplating retirement, and mutual friends informed me with awe that he had received me at once, *and* had an hour's talk, on the day that Dr. Adenauer was paying one of his political and trade-boosting visits to Italy.

Another recent event which carried me back in time was the party given by Derek Patmore and Mr. Fainberg, the great American amateur of Walt Whitmaniana, in connection with the exhibition of Walt Whitman's manuscripts being held at the American Embassy. I do not go much for "booksy" parties, but it was pleasant to run into an old Oxford chum in Stephen Spender. It carried one back to pre-Nazi Germany, and the world before the great depression. It was, I think, the last brief period when the world was really lighthearted. One felt, in fact, that we were all cameras, and were back in the days when we could afford to talk, write and think nonsense.

AS might have been expected, my reference to epitaphs has brought me a large number of others, from which I like best the Northern Irish one:

Here lies the body of Bridget MacGordon,
With voice almighty and teeth accordin'.
Stranger, tread softly o'er this sod,
For if she opens her mouth you're gone, by God.

At the same time, I have received a fresh crop of those admirable poems which are supplied ready-made in the obituary columns of provincial newspapers. Some years ago, I remember coming across two excellent specimens in Mr. de Valera's paper, *The Irish Press.* Of one lady, it was stated a trifle equivocally:

Most of her friends and all her relations
Are filling the air with lamentations.

While in the same issue an "In Memoriam" notice stated that:

If she had not gone to Kingdom come,
We'd all be saying "Happy Returns" to Mum.

MY recent reference to the iniquitous (and totally unnecessary) practice of certain restaurants which ought to know better, of serving margarine when asked for butter, has led me to discover that a young generation is growing up which really does not see much difference between "pool" margarine and "pool" butter. A young family of my acquaintance, faced with the creamy and characteristically nutty-flavoured butter of the Cognac district of France brought back by their father from a brief visit, didn't like it. Having been brought up solely on a near-imitation product, they could not appreciate the real thing.

How much of what we eat and drink nowadays is an imitation or a substitute! I observe, for example, that I am offered "a British wine of Champagne character." In the matter of drink I have always thought it a pity that the admirable French system of the *Appellation Controlée* is not followed here. There, for example, "Champagne" means a sparkling wine made in a strictly delineated district of France by a specified process, and no other wine may bear the name.

The same, of course, applies to Cognac brandy, which name is restricted to the spirit of that place. Moreover, the actual process by which the spirit is made is laid down, in some detail, by law, and has not altered in essentials for over 200 years. I had not realised the full implications of this until the other day, when one of my spies visited the *chais* of the Martell family, where he found that even the wood from which the brandy casks are made comes exclusively from one source, the great oak forests of Limousin, planted by Colbert in about 1650. Other woods have been tried, including the New Orleans oak from which sherry casks are made, but none provided the special qualities on which the Cognac brandy-tasters insist.

The founder of Martell's, in 1715, was a British subject, a Jerseyman, and his descendants still supply by far the largest proportion of the brandy that we drink here to-day. M. André Martell (educated at Trinity Hall) showed my friend some of the eighteenth-century "English correspondence," among which he was delighted to find a letter from Robt. and Willm. Sherington of Gainsborough, dated Jan. 8th, 1785, ordering some brandy "of best quallity," and addressed to "Messrs. the Widow Martell & Compa., Gentlemen"!

It was also a pleasing experience, I gather, to find oneself in "Paradise"—the storeroom where the oldest brandies are watched with special care—and to be given two glasses of brandy at once, 1875 in the right hand, 1848 in the left. The left-hand brandy (which my spy tells me he found less lively and satisfying than the other) was already in its cask when Charles Dickens visited Cognac in 1855 and wrote: "There are many persons in France, both French and English, both men and women . . . who will drink you a quart of brandy, or more, per day, regularly." He found it necessary to add, somewhat nervously, "I am no spirit-drinker myself, and might, therefore, consistently decry the use of ardent spirits." He concluded that "Cognac has a future before it."

The French wine-making owes much to its widows. I had a glass of champagne the other day with Mme. Bollinger, the only existing "widow" among the great French champagne houses. A hundred or more years ago, however, when the foundations of their descendants' fortunes were being made, the "widows" played a great part in the trade. For the founders of the houses whose present heads are often members of the old nobility were the ladies who kept the stalls in the streets of Rheims, where you could buy your champagne by the glass or by the bottle. Mme. Bollinger's husband, Jack Bollinger, who was very well known over here before the war, died, if I remember rightly, early in the war. Mme. Bollinger took over the business, and I am told is an expert among the experts in the judgment of wine, as well as being one of the most intelligent of business women.

The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal

The S.S. Maud *is thought to be a rather classy ship,*
She never rolls, but sometimes swings a very vicious hip.
When Tanya lured the Captain for a promenade in Spring,
The S.S. Maud *turned jealous and would neither roll* nor *swing!*

FOR as long as I knew him, which was a good stretch of time, Freddie Lonsdale had enjoyed ill-health. He cosseted himself, and expected others to cosset him as well, remarking on one occasion: "I am not feeling so well to-day, thank God."

He was scarcely a hearty outdoors type, and I shall always recall with pleasure his gently pitying smile, as, standing well back in the hall of a magnate's castle in Scotland, dressed in a silk dressing-gown, he watched the rest of the men of the house-party setting out into the snow and north-east wind for a day's shooting.

Freddie, for all his devastating wit, was one of the kindest and nicest people I have ever met. Incidentally, it was he who originally said to the unfortunate punter returning from the Derby—I have heard it attributed to so many other people—"I can see you have had your Epsom downs."

I AM indebted to an old Oundelian for the story of the visiting Bishop who preached in the school chapel, and chose as his theme the epitaph in the West Country: "Born a man, died a grocer." His lordship enlarged on the sadness of such materialism, and his sermon was delivered with much eloquence. The Bishop was not a little puzzled at the scarcely suppressed amusement of the boys and the black faces of the members of the governing body. It was only later that he discovered that Oundle was endowed by the Grocers' Company, prominent members of which comprise the Governors.

The artist at work in his home : one of his distinctively lovely paintings is put to dry as he gets to work on another. Mr. Strevens does most of his painting at his studio near Baron's Court, but likes to have something to work on at his home at week-ends.

Introducing our Cover Artist

John Strevens at Home

With another of his very distinctive and now familiar paintings appearing on the cover of this issue, we felt this would be a good opportunity of introducing the artist to our readers. John Strevens lives with his wife, novelist Jane Cooper Strevens, and three daughters in a delightful old country house near the Roothings, in Essex. The children are often his models and have all appeared in the Royal Academy at various times of their lives. The house is a gay one. The rooms are spacious and light, and everywhere one looks are these altogether charming paintings. Portraits, flower-pieces—whatever the subject, they have in common that delicacy and charm which epitomise the work of John Strevens. He works during the week at his studio near Baron's Court, but even in his week-ends at home, he likes to have some work in progress, to deal with as the impulse takes him. When he was first making his name as an artist, he worked for some years as a professional violinist. Music has continued to be an integral part of his life, but he has long ceased to worry about gaining recognition for his work : John Strevens' portraits of women and children are renowned, and he is kept tremendously busy fulfilling the demand for the entrancing, fanciful type of picture shown in the above photograph.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

Above: Josephine has a lesson from her father. The children all show real artistic promise, and "Jo" is already developing a delicate style which is quite her own.

Right: The big, rambling house and spacious grounds are a joy to the whole family, Cairn terrier included. Out for a brisk walk here are Virginia, 10, Josephine, 14, Mr. and Mrs. Strevens, and Victoria, 12.

Below, left: The family make music together: Mrs. Strevens plays the piano and Mr. Strevens the violin; sometimes the children sing vociferously, more often they prefer to sit and listen.

Below, right: The girls all love the dog, but while Vicky and Jo are allowed to pat him, Ginny's clasped hands denote ownership!

Our Bookshelf

TEMPLEFORD PARK. By Alice Acland. (*Constable ; 12s. 6d.*)

EIGHT HUMORISTS. By George Mikes. (*Allan Wingate ; 9s. 6d.*)

ROUGH ISLAND STORY. By Hugh McGraw. (*Arthur Barker ; 12s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

TO remark that *Templeford Park* lies somewhat in the location of Jane Austen does not merely imply that its title is evocative of Mansfield rather than Mungo ; but, more positively, that Miss Alice Acland's first novel has an irony of observation and a sharp neatness in the formation of character, together with an economy in actual wording which shows us, so to speak, where she sent herself to school.

English village life and English country-house families, reacting delicately one on the other, is a theme which one fears must gradually disappear in the harshness of to-day's conditions ; even here, in the final working-out of an ardent illicit love-affair slipped into the sadness of middle-aged procrastination, it is a little startling to find Mildred Charing and Sir Henry Aspen, respective owners of the Park and the Manor, as competitors for the exclusive favour of the National Trust ; decidedly a modern way of letting bygones be bygones, and resolving an emotional situation without blood or tears.

THE author of *Eight Humorists* apparently prefers his statements unqualified by any diffidence, real or affected, which may water down the potency of his individual opinion with "I venture to say" or "in all humility" or "I may well be wrong" . . . And though reasonable to suppose that these prefixes can be taken for granted in a collection of critical essays, some of Mr. George Mikes' confident pronouncements prove nevertheless too much for our amiable assent : "He is good, but he is not great," said of Sir Max Beerbohm, for instance, would benefit by the addition : "In hazarding such a judgment I am a little nervous of my own temerity" . . . for really he must *not* flatly ignore that the humorist who wrote *Seven Men* (six—and himself) remains *hors de concours*.

Yet four among his eight subjects (seven—and himself) emerge without prejudice, satisfying our keen interest in what he has to say, without unduly raising the blood pressure ; James Thurber, Stephen Leacock, Charlie Chaplin, and especially Li'l Abner, who represents the all-conquering comic strip invasion, are excellently handled. I venture to say, however, in all humility (and I may well be wrong), that he is obviously out of sympathy with the inherent quality of pure delight in the mind and work of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse ; so that while reading that chapter, I could not wholly refrain from low dissenting growls. Equally, many of us will be unable to endorse wholeheartedly his Ode on a Distant Prospect of Evelyn Waugh . . . though we are with him in his felicitous choice of *A Handful of Dust* as the best of that author's earlier period.

Had Mr. Mikes stopped short after his introductory essay, we might have agreed with him *in toto* ; for in spite of consenting to the general set-up as a funny-man-book, he aims at serious analysis ; and indeed, conceived in any other spirit, the volume would have been altogether a wearisome affair. Undoubtedly he has also the gift of *savoir*-quote, and one is so grateful for the discriminate selections from Stephen Leacock and James Thurber as to be liable to forget that the quoted, not the quoter, wrote them ; it were fairer, therefore, to include just one sample of the many original aphorisms he proffers with his characteristic rueful grimace :

> "*You can laugh with your belly and still be utterly bored ; you may only smile with your eyes and be supremely entertained.*"

Mr. Mikes, it will be seen, is nearly always stimulating, sometimes contentious, often enlightening ; for, as he says himself, in pointing out the Latin derivation of humour : "It is simply a special *flavour*, a way of looking at things."

I WONDER what may be the subtle yet absolute difference between a book about the adventures of a schoolboy of thirteen who discovers an island on a lake in the deserted grounds of an apparently derelict house, and those same adventures had they been written for juvenile readers ? *Rough Island Story* is quite definitely for our adult enjoyment ; it begins with a brief chapter showing the first-person-singular as a middle-aged man sent on a business mission to Beaumont Hill, the very place where all this had happened in his early years ; and at the sight of the island where hard-headed development proposed to put up a pylon (the agent would keep on calling it a pole), the past came rushing back to him with its excitement, its careless perils, the thrill of rescuing Lady Miranda ffolkeard, twelve-year-old-daughter of an earl who had played the dangerous game of kidnapping to hide her away from her aristocratic mother. And so we hear about it through Jimmy's vivid memory and his insufficient schoolboy vernacular, plus the parts played by his friends, the two dare-devil Mahoney boys, and the expectations of treasure roused in him by his romantic taste in reading. The formula reminds us of *The Go-Between* ; Mr. Hugh McGraw has certainly put himself in good company.

And still I was perplexed by some other analogy which might clear up the question with which I started : when is a "juvenile" not a juvenile ? For we would not give *The Go-Between* to our schoolboy sons and nephews, either for suitability or for their enjoyment ; nor, oddly, *Rough Island Story*. Then, with a shout of triumph, my mind fell upon *The Golden Age*, by Kenneth Grahame ; this chronicle of remembered magic, too, was in the first person, as told by a small boy ; and like *Rough Island Story*, the grown-ups were regarded sometimes as enemies, nearly always as incredibly dense and totally preoccupied with the inessential, barely tolerated to supply necessities, and only in extreme instances affording the blessedness of safety and protection : in neither book were they allowed to commit the anachronism of breaking through from the confines where the author had sternly bidden them keep within the limitations of the parts assigned.

Yet still one can detect in young Jimmy Fitzsimmonds an ironic slant on his line of consciousness from *now* back to *then*, which, so to speak, gives the show away :

> "'*Always remember, Jimmy, your hero, Richard Cœur de Lion, wouldn't have told a lie, whatever the temptation.*'"
>
> "*This curious remark alone showed just how completely my father had lost touch with my development. It dated back to a time some seven years earlier.*"

And again :

> "'*If your mother says you may, you can go out and play to-day.*'"
>
> "'*. . . Go out and play.*' *It was just this uncertainty whether I was supposed to be seven or seventeen years old that made intercourse with my father so extremely difficult.*"

And it is just these comments which make *Rough Island Story* no treasure island for children ; it must be handed over, instead, for full appreciation to those who have most unwillingly come of age.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

H for Hydrophobia

Extreme dislike of spas

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

AN IMPOSSIBLE MARRIAGE.
By Pamela Hansford Johnson.
(*Macmillan and Co. ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE GENTLEMEN GO BY.
By Elizabeth Cadell. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 10s. 6d.*)

DOCTOR DEAR.
By Mary Bethune. (*Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.*)

CONSULT YOUR PILLOW.
By John Coates. (*Victor Gollancz Ltd. ; 10s. 6d.*)

VICE-ADMIRAL LACHLAN MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH, C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C.

(Painted by Raymond L. Skipp)

In this fine portrait of the man who is known to Scots the world over as "The Mackintosh," the view from Moy Hall forms the background, showing Loch Moy with the island on which Moy Castle originally stood, and in the distance the V-shaped Lairig Ghru Pass through the Cairngorms to Braemar. The Mackintosh wears the full dress of a Highland chief and the decorations he wears with it are the C.B., D.S.O., D.S.C., and American Legion of Merit. The pistols shown are eighteenth century and the sword was given to the seventeenth chief in 1622 by Charles I., then Prince of Wales. Over the kilt he wears a sporran of white baby sealskin and he carries a bonnet with the three eagles' feathers which denote a Highland chief. His dark green velvet doublet is belted, and the motto on the crested buckle reads: *Touch not the cat bot a glove*. The Mackintosh is the twenty-ninth chief of the Clan—originally "Mac-an-toisich," which means "Son of the Chief." The earliest authentic ancestry is traced to Shaw MacDuff, son of the third Earl of Fife, who died in 1129. There is a family connection with the Clan Chattan—the "Clan of Cats"—which gives the Mackintoshes their Clan crest: their ferocity as fighters originated the motto. Clan ties are very strong: requests from overseas for heather from Moy for bridal bouquets, or water from Loch Moy for baptismal purposes, are no longer unique, for the Clan may owe allegiance to their titular head—but The Mackintosh belongs to the Clan, and his home at Moy is therefore their home.

A "Sketch" Photo-Call

"The Boy Friend"

Sandy Wilson's musical comedy of the 'twenties, after being peripheral to the West End for some time, has settled comfortably into Wyndham's Theatre. In July, the producer, Vida Hope, will leave for New York to begin work on a Broadway production of *The Boy Friend*, which is expected to open in the autumn; the eight principals will be English, the rest of the cast American; they may have some ado to struggle with the Kensington accents of Mme. Dubonnet's pupils.

The story of the musical is told in these pictures. The pupils at Mme. Dubonnet's Finishing Academy, near Nice, are going to a fancy-dress ball. All have their partners but Polly Browne, a millionaire's daughter, who wants to be loved for herself alone, and Polly make-believes a lover by writing letters to herself. But when Tony, the handsome messenger-boy, arrives on the scene, Polly's world of make-believe begins to come true.

Photographed by Feldman.

1. Unintelligible Opening Chorus. *Les Girls* (Juliet Hunt, Denise Hirst, Joan Gadsdon and Maria Charles) accompany the traditional saucy French maid, Hortense (Violetta). The girls are pupils at Mme. Dubonnet's finishing school, and they have all been to buy their costumes for the Ball that night.

3. Chorus. Perpetual high-pitched commentators on the action, *Les Girls* come bursting in to giggle and Charleston whenever the action flags.

4. Lovers United. *Left:* Tony (Anthony Hayes) and little Polly Browne (Anne Rogers) meet for the first time. He is the son of Lord and Lady Brockhurst; he has run away from Oxford for no good reason, and is disguised as a messenger boy. She poses as a secretary. *Right:* Polly's father, Percival (Hugh Paddick), re-discovers an old flame.

8. Hortense knows, but she won't tell. Here she is, not telling *Les Girls*, who have been joined on the *plage* by *Les Boys* (Stephen Warwick, Jack Thomson and Geoffrey Webb), all very French and gallant.

9. Lord Brockhurst has a wicked eye for beauty. Ogling the bathing beauties is just a beginning: he's really going to enjoy himself at the ball to-night. *Everybody*'s going to the ball, of course, or what would we do for Act Three?

2. Joan Sterndale Bennett, as Mme. Dubonnet, runs a Finishing Academy at the Villa Caprice, near Nice ("It 's Nicer in Nice"), and, though she only seems to have five pupils and no staff, does very Nicely, thank you. But Mme. Dubonnet has a past—a past with Percival Browne, the millionaire father of Our Heroine; it was during the Great War, when he was a dashing young officer, and she—well, she was younger then. To-day he is due to visit the school for the first time. . . .

5. Sub-plot. Nobody takes this very seriously, but Bobby van Heusen (Larry Drew) is in love with Maisie (Denise Hirst).

6. Lord and Lady Brockhurst (John Rutland and Beryl Cooke) arrive at the *plage* to search for their wandering boy.

7. Tony and Polly are going to the ball together. But, when his parents appear, Tony runs away and Polly believes him to be a thief.

10. Everyone gets married to everyone else. You can see it coming very early. For, stimulated perhaps by those snazzy bathing dresses, *Les Boys* propose to *Les Girls* at the ball that night, and, at the stroke of midnight—but, no; we mustn't give away the plot.

11. Together Again. Since Pierrot is an Honourable and Pierrette is rich, it is entirely suitable. And Polly is to have a new Mama—Mme. Dubonnet.

Our Social Diary

I ALWAYS welcome the return of the flat-racing season, and went to my first meeting at Newbury on the Saturday. This very popular course is ideally situated, and racing enthusiasts come from all parts of the country. There are also excellent race trains to the course from London, and I often wonder why it is seemingly impossible to provide an equally good service at certain other meetings.

An afternoon's racing in brilliant sunshine was only marred by the unfortunate accident in the Newbury Spring Cup, when two horses were injured and subsequently had to be destroyed. (Such occurrences are happily rare in flat-racing, but I could not help thinking that here perhaps was some sort of an answer to all those people who wrote passionate letters of protest about the Grand National.)

The race was won by *Desert Way*, a four-year-old colt belonging to Mr. J. Reardon,

FAMILY STUDY. A charming portrait of Mrs. Hugh Astor with her two-year-old daughter Virginia. Mrs. Astor was formerly Miss Emily Kinloch and married Mr. Hugh Astor in 1950.

which had been well fancied for the Lincoln. *Fastnet Rock*, belonging to Lord Rosebery, was one of the horses involved in the accident, but happily sustained no injury. Both Lord and Lady Rosebery were present, and later had the compensation of seeing *Felise*, a three-year-old filly belonging to Lady Rosebery, win the Lambourn Stakes.

During the afternoon I met Ann, Lady Orr-Lewis, looking very well after her recent holiday abroad, Mrs. John Sheffield with her pretty daughter, who will be coming out next year, and Mr. Ian Cameron, who had come down from London with Sir Thomas Pilkington and the Hon. John Denison-Pender. I also met Lady McAlpine, looking very neat in a navy suit, and was able to congratulate her on the success of her husband's two-year-old filly *Sweet Resolve* in the first race.

The Duchess of Norfolk, accompanied by the Duke, was there to see her two-year-old colt *Orchestration* win the last race, for which he started favourite, in fine style. Amongst the many people in the enormous crowd I saw the Earl of Sefton, Lord and Lady Stavordale with their daughter, Viscountess Galway, who was looking very pretty in navy with a red hat, Major-General Sir Randle Feilden, who has recently been made the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, and Commander Alan Noble, M.P., with his attractive wife. Also the Earl of Carnarvon with his son Lord Porchester, Mr. Bernard and Lady Margaret van Cutsem, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, with her sister, Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, and Mr. Michael de Pret-Roose.

Canning House Reception

H.E. THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR, president of the Anglo-Argentine Society, and Viscount Davidson, president of the Hispanic Council, were joint hosts at a reception held at Canning House. The reception was to welcome members of the British delegation on their return to this country after attending the International Film Festival in Argentina. I always enjoy the parties at Canning House, and this one proved no exception. Members of the delegation present included Mr. and Mrs. Trevor Howard, Miss Mai Zetterling, and Captain Anthony Kimmins, who told me how much he had enjoyed the Festival, and whose attractive wife was also at the reception. Other guests included Sir Alexander and Lady Korda, Colonel Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, Mr. and Mrs. John de Laszlo, and Sir David and Lady Cunynghame.

Débutante Cocktail Party

FROM Canning House I went on to the cocktail party given by Wing-Commander and Mrs. Patrick Brunner for their daughter April, one of the most charming and attractive of this year's débutantes. Mrs. Brunner obviously understands the art of giving parties for young people, and is fortunate in having a house large enough to entertain her daughter's many friends. The added attraction of a rumba band proved very popular, and the room in which it played was filled with dancers throughout the evening.

For the party April wore a pale pink lace dress, and Mrs. Brunner was in gold-spotted black taffeta. Among the guests were Sir Andrew and Lady Clark, whose two daughters, Jennifer and Susan, were at the party; Lady St. John of Bletso, who had brought the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller, and Mrs. Donald Maclean with her débutante daughter, Belinda.

Other débutantes enjoying the party were Miss Carina Boyle in a wine-coloured dress, Miss Prue McCorquodale, the Hon. Crystal Russell in grey, Miss Mary William-Powlett, Miss Mary-Anne Hare, Miss Venetia Maynard, and Miss Anne Hopkinson. Young men included Lord May, Mr. Simon Bowes-Lyon, the Hon. Raymond Joliffe, Mr. Tom Godfrey-Faussett, Lord O'Neill, Mr. Henry Villiers, and Mr. Timothy Thornton.

"Easter Bonnet Fair"

BOTH Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, president, and the Duchess of Rutland, chairman, were busy selling models of Spring

THE QUORN STEEPLECHASES took place at Melton Mowbray. *Left:* Lord Daresbury and Sir George and Lady Earle. *Centre:* Mr. T. Roger on *Mythical Ray* after winning the Open Race. *Right:* Captain Lord Edward Fitzroy, Mrs. James Hanbury and Colonel R. Robin.

PRESENTATION. Sir Winston Churchill with Mrs. Cavling, wife of Mr. Ole Cavling, the organiser of the Hans Andersen Festival, who presented the Premier with five groups of Royal Copenhagen china depicting characters in the fairy tales.

IRISH WEDDING. When Miss Jennifer McAlister married Dr. Leland Lyons, a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, their wedding reception in the Common Room was the first held there in the history of the College.

SERVICE WEDDING. Lieut. Peter Troubridge, R.N., son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, and of Lady Troubridge, with his bride, the former Miss Venetia Weeks, daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks.

hats when I arrived at the Easter Bonnet Fair, which was held in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind. Lady Patricia had kindly lent her house for the event, and visitors to the Fair were fortunate in also being able to take advantage of a lovely afternoon, and enjoy the Spring sunshine in the charming paved garden, bright with hyacinths and daffodils. In addition to hats, there were also sweet and cosmetic stalls, and Lady Brooke and Mrs. Mancroft-Page were selling flowers on the steps leading into the garden.

I thought the Duchess of Rutland was looking very pretty in black with a small cerise hat. Visitors to the Fair included Lady Woolton, Mrs. Attlee, who was trying on several hats whilst I was there; Lady Russell, who was on her way to a children's party with her small daughter Clare, and Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft, looking very *chic* and accompanied by Mlle. Malagola.

Pietro Annigoni

At the Wildenstein Gallery, there is an exhibition of paintings and drawings by Pietro Annigoni; everyone should take this opportunity of seeing the works of this truly remarkable artist. His portraits of men and women, and indeed all his works, are unique in their execution and invested with a mystic quality reminiscent of the early Italian masters. The portrait of Miss Juanita Forbes is quite outstanding, and I liked the two sketches almost as well. Two other paintings which I found enthralling were "Say You This Is Man?" and "The Way to the Sermon on the Mount."

Amongst the people I saw at the private view were the Duke of Wellington, H.E. the Spanish Ambassador, Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, Sir Vivyan and Lady Naylor-Leyland, and the Duchess of Argyll. Lord Moran and Miss Jane Bengough, whose portraits were amongst those exhibited, were also there.

The Victory Ex-Services Club

THERE is to be an International Exhibition and Sale at St. James's Palace on June 23rd and 24th in aid of the building fund for the Memorial Wing of the Victory Ex-Services Club. The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, president of the co-ordinating committee, and Viscountess Tarbat, chairman of the Sale, presided over the committee meeting, which was held in the State Apartments of St. James's Palace.

Thirty-eight nations are sending exhibits, which will include china, glass, handicrafts, etc., and there will also be beauty and confectionery stalls.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Courtney, a member of the Council of the Club, told us of the wonderful facilities it offers to ex-Servicemen of all ranks, and these also apply to members of the British Commonwealth and Allied Forces. The Club membership now numbers 20,000.

The meeting was attended by their Excellencies the Ambassadors of Spain, Argentina, Poland, and Thailand, and many representatives of the Diplomatic Corps. I met Mrs. John Ames, whose husband is Personal Assistant to the American Ambassador, and she herself was there on behalf of Mrs. Aldrich, who was unable to be present. Others I saw at the meeting included Mrs. Frankland Moore, Lady Balcon, Sir Thomas and Lady Bethell, and Sir Harry Brittain.

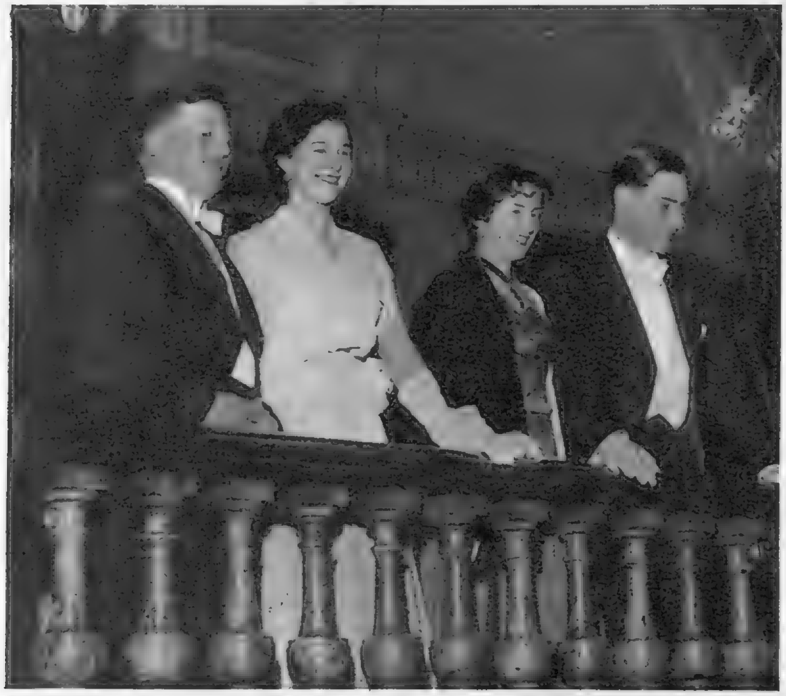
CHRISTENING. The infant son of the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith was christened at Holy Trinity Church, Melrose. *L. to r.:* The Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, the Bishop of Edinburgh (who performed the ceremony), the Countess of Dalkeith with the baby, and the Earl of Dalkeith.

Lansdowne Club Spring Ball

THE Lansdowne Club are to be congratulated on the success of their Spring Ball, at which many young people were present. When I arrived, a reel was in progress to the accompaniment of bagpipes played by Pipe-Major Ledgett; there was also dancing to the music of Lionel Paulus' band. An excellent supper was served and amongst those who had brought parties were Lady Caroe, Colonel and Mrs. Saunders, and Mrs. Gillespie. Others I saw enjoying the evening were Mr. Charles MacArthur Hardy, dancing with Miss Shane Newton, Miss Mary Orr Deas, Miss Daphne Stokes, Miss Kirstie Moncrieff, Mr. John Carson-Parker, Mr. Christopher Scott, and Mr. Robin Hindson.

Helena

Mayoral Ball



University guests at the Lord Mayor's Ball in Birmingham's Council House and Art Gallery on April 9th, the second night of the two-day function, were Mr. D. M. Brittain, Miss Mary Mussell, Miss Vivien Bullar, and Mr. Michael Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Riley admire the civic gold mace, part of the City plate on show.

The Very Rev. H. G. M. Clarke, Mrs. R. G. Lunt, the Rev. R. G. Lunt and Mrs. Clarke.

Among the many naval guests present were Commander (A) and Mrs. B. W. Vigrass.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Handley with Gabrielle Varley and Roy Billings and their grey poodle, *Cherie*.

Before Sir George Clausen's *Building the Rick* are Councillor and Mrs. Kenneth Jackson (*left*) and Mrs. and Mr. F. D. Scott Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Mitchell and Mr. and Mrs. L. Eastwood. Behind them is a portrait of William Brinsley by H. T. Munns.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Walters and their daughter, Miss Mary Walters.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Whittall, and Mrs. Gordon Whittall (*centre*).

Mr. P. G. Whitehouse, M.B.E., M.C., with Mrs. Whitehouse.

Mrs. M. Jones and Mrs. J. Pearce admire a 1908-9 dress and parasol.

Mrs. H. T. Shires, Sir Edward Boyle, M.P., Mr. H. T. Shires and Mr. and Mrs. A. Egginton.

Specially photographed for

at Birmingham

Mr. P. R. Cartwright, Miss June Lowndes and Miss Jennifer Dench.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hadley admiring porcelain figures on show.

Mrs. George Griffith with Mr. A. Pope, son-in-law of the Lord Mayor.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Wheatley watching the dancers in the ballroom.

Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Houghton and Major V. N. Bunting, photographed here with Miss Helga Houghton (*left*) and Mrs. V. N. Bunting.

First World War V.C., Major A. H. S. Waters and Mrs. Waters. The portrait in oils behind them is that of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. E. Dingley and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Digney.

The Lord Mayor of Birmingham, Alderman G. W. H. Griffith, with his daughter, Mrs. Mary Pope, who is acting as Lady Mayoress for her father.

"THE SKETCH" by Van Hallan.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

A Portrait of Jeannie

I HAVE never quite been able to make up my mind just how much a critic ought to allow himself to be an ordinary member of the public and how much he should be the cold, detached analyst. Frankly, I thoroughly enjoy television—on the whole—and evenings spent in front of the set are generally very well spent indeed.

All this leads up to the fact that I found *Jeannie*, by Aimée Stuart, so wonderfully *enjoyable*. Heaven knows—having seen the play umpteen times before —there were no surprises. But there I sat, happily gurgling with laughter or sternly suppressing the occasional pricking of the eyes, as if the Cinderella theme were completely new.

And what a charming Cinderella! A Scottish spinster who spends a tiny legacy on a trip to Vienna, "to hear the *Blue Danube* at the source," who meets her middle-aged Yorkshire Prince Charming on the journey and who ends up happily-ever-after, in spite of a romantic brush with a real live Austrian Count. Miss Stuart can safely congratulate herself on having written a classic.

Barbara Mullen and Eric Portman have become almost traditional in the two main parts, so it was not surprising to find their performances a triumph of polished naturalness, and utterly delightful. I was also most happy with André van Gyseghem's suave, fatal Count and with Mila Parely as "yon blonde" who leads Prince Charming astray. The production was in the hands of Dennis Vance and David Macdonald, the well-known film director who has temporarily forsaken celluloid for the cathode ray. One could scarcely find a more brilliant team.

IT is just as well that the simultaneous broadcasts of *In Town To-night*—in the Home Service and in television—had a couple of "dry runs" before the programme was offered to viewers. I saw the telerecordings of the first two attempts and, frankly, they were quite dreadful. So Peter Duncan, the producer, deserves all the more credit for overcoming teething troubles and putting on a really good show "on the night."

The World is Ours, a new series of documentaries on "world problems that are the urgent concern of the United Nations," got off to a poor start. The first programme, dealing with the work of the nurses of the World Health Organisation *should* have been poignant, human and exciting. Actually it was sterile and scarcely held attention. Was it because too many cooks had a hand in the script? (It was written by Basil Wright, Norman Swallow and Paul Rotha, the head of the Documentary Department.) Or was it because Mr. Rotha seems to be implementing his threat to use an increasing amount of film in these programmes?

MARGARET BUTT.

BARBARA MULLEN.

BRANSBY WILLIAMS.

PETER DUNCAN.

T.V. PERSONALITIES: MARGARET BUTT recently made her television *début* as Alice Humphries in the current serial in the Children's Programme: *The Wide, Wide World.* This is an adaptation of the famous book, by Susan Warner, written over a hundred years ago. We would not be surprised to learn that BARBARA MULLEN dreams of *Jeannie with the light brown hair*, for she has played the part hundreds of times. Her television performance of it, recently, completely captivated our critic. BRANSBY WILLIAMS is a happy choice for the first personality to be featured in a new Saturday-night series, *Spice of Life.* As Dean of television entertainers, Mr. Williams has a great fund of anecdotes in the store-house of his memory and few equals as a story-teller. PETER DUNCAN, who now produces the popular programme, *In Town To-night*, for television as well as sound, confesses that his sternest critic is his fourteen-year-old son.

Messrs. Campbell Dixon and Dermot Morrah deserve high marks for the satisfying play they have made out of the political manœuvres of the Pharisees, Sadducees and Romans in Jerusalem, which led to the sublime tragedy of Calvary. The Jews are shown as anxious for the survival of their nation and Pilate as alarmed at the prospect of a riot during the Feast and Rome's consequent displeasure. The play was strong enough to survive a somewhat indifferent performance. Robert Eddison, while making the most of Pilate's sardonic intellectualism, never struck me as the kind of man to make others tremble at his frown. And perhaps I have too vivid a recollection of Robert Atkins as Bottom and Falstaff to have taken him seriously as the High Priest Caiaphas. I found things a little better on the distaff side, in Margaretta Scott as Pilate's wife and in Rosalie Crutchley as Mary Magdalen. Ian Atkins and Julian Amyes made a very good job of the production—although for long passages the dialogue was drowned by background crowd noises—and made skilful use of the "long-shot" which showed the very effective settings of James Bould to full advantage.

WHAT kind of wife does a highly-strung and very volatile playwright need? The type who puts a toothcomb of honest criticism through him and his work, or the yes-woman who flatters him and persuades him that he is simply terrific, possessed of a greatness which in point of fact he may not have? S. N. Behrmann has written a brittle and crackling play on this theme: *No Time for Comedy*, which you can see on April 25th and 29th. You won't be bored, I assure you.

A week later, May 2nd and 6th, the schedule lists Kate O'Brien's play *That Lady*, a misleading title which gives no hint that it is set in sixteenth-century Spain (or is my erudition at fault?). Monarchs, in those days, were dangerous people to cross in love. Philip II. cherished a long and unfulfilled passion for the fascinating Ana, Princess of Eboli. He was prepared to let their relationship remain on a "just-good-friends" basis, while there was no one else on the horizon. But Ana took to herself a lover, Antonio Perez, Philip's Secretary of State; and then the trouble really started. Perhaps this play is a shade on the frank side, but adult grown-ups will have nothing to complain of.

I do not accept the moral that nowadays we are the slaves of steel and concrete, but that is the view held by Miss Parker, the heroine of Edward Senior's play *Tyrant's Tower* (May 4th). She owns one of the fast-disappearing brown-stone houses which used to grace New York. She is very rich, so she sees no reason to sell her family home to one Mr. Fishbacker, who wishes to save his tottering skyscraper, next door, by building a similar one to shore it up. I will leave you to find out what happens between the antagonists.

For the serious-minded there is a range of new programmes entitled *Men Seeking God*, which begins on April 26th. Christopher Mayhew, who is responsible for them, travelled thousands of miles gathering his material, which in the first edition will be devoted to Islam—this to be followed by Buddhism on May 3rd.

INTERNATIONAL HUNTER TRIALS IN IRELAND

The Countess of Meath, of Kilruddery, Bray, Co. Wicklow, with her two sons Lord Ardee and the Hon. David Brabazon.

The weather was fine, if rather cold, for the two-day International Hunter Trials held at the home of Lord Carew, Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, on April 8th and 9th. The Carew estates include some of the loveliest country for miles around, and this notable annual event is a highly popular one and attracts many overseas visitors to Ireland.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Charles Fennell.

Visitors from the South of Ireland: the Marquess of Waterford with Mrs. P. Jackson and Miss G. Tommasi.

Miss Fiona Browne with the Hon. Grania Wingfield, daughter of Lord Powerscourt, and Mrs. Dorothy Mack, the well-known breeder from Co. Leitrim.

Mr. Hubert Hartigan (*left*), who trains for the Aga Khan on the Curragh, with Lieut.-Colonel Joe Hume Dudgeon, the Trials organiser, and Mrs. Cita Nicholl.

Lord Carew, on whose estate the trials were held, with The O'Grady, from Killballyowen, Co. Limerick, and Mrs. George Angel.

Lady Carew presenting Worcestershire's Miss Veronica Pardoe, on her own *Garth Royal*, with the Castletown One-Day Event trophy.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Just a Song and Dance

Hippo Dancing
(*Lyric*)

LOOK at him—dancing with rage. It is a kind of double-shuffle in his sitting-room in Golders Green: Hippo's sitting-room, with its gleam of brass, its occasional coat-of-arms, its Toby jugs and horrible vases, and its Laughing Cavalier above the mantelpiece to smile down on Hippo when he insists on condemning (and mispronouncing) that fellow Picasso. Why condemn him? No particular reason. Hippo feels like it. He has been condemning through life. Flushed and pop-eyed, with the symptoms of blood-pressure (and of water on the brain), he has ranted, raved and danced about on his own sacred carpet. It is Hippo's dancing-floor: there the rites are performed, and the other people of the house, his French wife, his sons, his mother, his maid, leave him alone to dance. They have their own lives to consider, and it is not until we meet him in this play that he realises their independence.

Robert Morley plays the man who has flames belching from his top for fully an hour. Morley wrote the play himself (he acknowledges a debt to André Roussin), so he knows just what he wants, and duly gives it. He might equally have called his comedy *Hippo's Awakening*, for during the second half of the play the blustering ass becomes as calm as a June morning. Or, better, we might say that it is a change from curry to junket.

The two-faced portrait of Hippo is the entire play. It is hardly enough for an evening, though all who care for virtuosity in acting should collect Morley's performance. Hippo, in his gent's d.b. blue blazer (with brass buttons), dances with rage because one son insists on becoming a women's dressmaker, another permits himself to be "kept" by a wealthy Italian Princess, and Mrs. Hippo—that is, Mrs. Harry Osborne—has not always been true to her husband in word and deed. During the second half of the night, Hippo dances with pleasure because he is an important family man, because he is the father of an eminent *couturier*, and because it is no bad thing in one's suburb to be the father-in-law of a Princess.

His wife—acted incisively by Zena Howard—has pulled his head out of the sand (there is an ostrich strain in Hippo), and it is a pleasure to watch Mr. Morley accommodating himself to this new idea. "To tell you the truth," he confides to the audience—and suddenly we recall *Edward My Son*—"I'm a bit tired of all this shouting."

Morley is a delight while he is lunging through one of his tribal dances or gliding in a gentle verbal waltz. But I cannot say that I look forward with bliss to an inevitable day when *Hippo Dancing*, metropolitan glory past, will be ground out as a routine stock piece. The piece needs Morley. It also needs some early cuts. We know that Hippo is a loose-mouthed so-and-so; but the text insists on this too much. One word, quickly, for Wilfrid Hyde-White, whose cunning blandness is irresistible.

Marching Song
(*St. Martin's*)

AFTER the dance, the song. Mr. T. S. Eliot, who ought to know, said once: "I should not think too highly myself of any play of which I could gather the whole point after only seeing it once, and without having read it." Although the average playgoer may wail, John Whiting—one of our most independent dramatists—seems to approve. If we like, we can treat *Marching Song* as either an intense, slow-moving, modern-Ruritanian drama (which means that we are concerned more with an attitude to life than with cloak-and-sword heroics), or else as an extremely subtle and symbolic business on two levels.

THE ENCHANTED.—Peter Wyngarde plays the ghost, Emrys Jones and Valerie Hanson the young lovers, in the Arts Theatre's production of the play by Giraudoux. We have to warn you, though, that, on the stage, the ghost is much more solid than in our picture.

Remembering *Saint's Day*, I feel that Mr. Whiting is again in his upstairs-and-downstairs manner. It seems a long time since the gentle farcical fantasy of *A Penny for a Song*. In the new play the tune is much harsher.

What does it mean? I am not going to bluff it out. On the face of it, it is the tale of a general in a defeated European army, a proud and complex man who has been imprisoned for seven years, and who is now released so that he may stand trial for treason and take the punishment for his nation's defeat. The far-sighted Chancellor—at the heart of the political web—has released him with reluctance and urges immediate suicide. The general had loved the rich woman in whose hill-top house the action passes. In prison his love for her has faded. Now, in a last strange night before the morning, a young girl of the people must act, in a sense, as his confessor.

What then? The play is a weighted drama of life and death that never cheapens itself. Is there something more behind it? The names confuse rather than help: de Troyes, Dido, Cadmus (founder of Thebes—no clue here), Bruno Hurst. What is Mr. Whiting's Massacre of the Innocents? Why the representatives of the Church and Medicine? Anything, I wonder . . .? No; try again. Let me say merely that the dramatist, with his gift of evocation, does create an extraordinary atmosphere in this glass house on the heights above a European capital, and Frith Banbury is the right producer. With *Saint's Day* in our minds, we have to wonder still what Mr. Whiting is about. Of course (and we hear him chuckle) he may intend us to take the drama just as it comes, without overtones. I am sure that one of my old schoolmasters would have scribbled in the margin of the piece, "Clarify, boy!"

There, anyway, it is, acted with a rather unvaried force by Robert Flemyng, with beauty by Diana Wynyard, with command by Ernest Thesiger's weary eagle of a Chancellor, and with clear-eyed candour by Penelope Munday as a girl who seems to feel the burden of living.

The Enchanted
(*Arts Theatre*)

ISABEL, brought back from death's antechamber, is safe in the arms of the Supervisor of Weights and Measures, plainly one of the great romantics of his time. And as the curtain falls upon them, and on the company assembled as a kind of life-saving orchestra, we let the mind flick back over Jean Giraudoux's philosophical fantasy-cum-farce-cum-satire. In this piece taken by Maurice Valency from *Intermezzo*, the dramatist glides about between the immensities and the trivialities. It is at once a flash of the poetic imagination and a satirical chuckle: we can laugh or yearn as we wish. The cast includes a ghost and a pair of executioners, and an Inspector Calls. It is long since the Arts has done anything so good. John Fernald has produced wisely; and I shall not forget Valerie Hanson and Emrys Jones as the lovers, and Charles Lloyd Pack's endearingly puzzled Mayor who finds it all very queer indeed.

Pal Joey
(*Princes*)

Wedding in Paris
(*Hippodrome*)

IN *Pal Joey*, known in the United States as a Superior Musical, Carol Bruce sings that she is bewitched, bothered and bewildered. Delete the first word, and I see her point. I prefer the simple romantic glow of *Wedding in Paris* to the stridency of *Pal Joey*, though Harold Lang and Carol Bruce do their expert best to reconcile us to the tedium of Chicago night-club life in the late 1930's, to the "heel" and the rich woman who keeps him. Richard Rodgers' score can help sometimes. At the Hippodrome a slow, gentle piece has the benefit of Evelyn Laye's grace—here she is on top of her world—and Anton Walbrook's wry charm.

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—6: WILLIAM SQUIRE

William Squire was born in Wales, so he was seventeen years old before he ever went to a theatre. It was at the Old Vic: Edith Evans was playing Rosalind: Mr. Squire paid 9d. and stood in the pit. Once blooded, he went to the theatre three or four times a week, working by day in a bell foundry and spending his evenings at classes, from which he graduated with a scholarship to R.A.D.A. It was the beginning of a promising career, but the war came instead, and he spent it as a rating in the Navy. Then demobilisation, the Vic again as a walk-on during the Olivier-Richardson season, and Stratford Memorial Theatre in 1948-49 and again in 1951, playing mostly "Hugger-muggers" (a term of denigration applied to some very rewarding character parts) and a magnificent Chorus in *Henry V.* This season sees him at the Vic again, his greatest success a sympathetic, authoritative Menenius in *Coriolanus*, though he himself is as proud of his unobtrusive warm Horatio. He is now at the cross-roads of his career: he has too intelligent a face to be type-cast as an insipidly romantic leading juvenile in a modern play; yet no actor can wish, however successfully, to play character parts for ever.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

AU CAFÉ. An excellent study of the auburn-haired Lili, favourite model of Belleroche and also of Dégas, Renoir and Lautrec. She is the subject of many of Lautrec's best-known works, and was a regular *habituée* of the Moulin Rouge.

SORTIE DU BAIN. This fine nude study is in the private collection of Mrs. Jack Mautner. Its treatment is so remarkably like that of Lautrec that when the present Count de Belleroche discovered it in his father's studio after his death, considerable and quite understandable argument as to its authenticity ensued among art enthusiasts before Belleroche's authorship was accepted.

INTRODUCING AN "UNKNOWN" OF THE MOULIN ROUGE COTERIE

MATA HARI. Sargent and Oscar Wilde were with Belleroche the first time he met Mata Hari in a night-club where she was appearing as a dancer.

To-morrow (April 22nd) the first exhibition in this country of drawings by Albert de Belleroche will be opened at the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square and for three weeks Londoners will be able to study the work of this man who, all his life, deliberately hid his light under the proverbial bushel. After his death, his son discovered these drawings and many more in his father's studio where, until then, all visitors had been strongly discouraged.

It is difficult to believe that such remarkable talent could exist unacclaimed. The answer lies somewhere between the extraordinarily strong natural reserve of Belleroche and the fact that, belonging as he did to a very wealthy family, he painted for the sheer love of it and not for gain.

In many ways he was an extraordinary man. Like his friend Lautrec, he enjoyed the freedom and simplicity of the artist's life in Montmartre, where he shared a studio with another great friend, John Sargent. But he liked to maintain his family associations and was often to be seen at the gay salons at her home in the Avenue Montaigne for which his mother was renowned. Like Lautrec again, his family name was one of the proudest in France. He liked to be known as "Belleroche," but in fact he was Count Albert de Belleroche, the younger son of Edward Charles, Marquis de Belleroche, a member of one of the oldest houses of Europe. The estates were always given as dowry to the daughters of the Kings of France. The family has been traced back to 1100 and appears in all the Bourbon, Orleans and Montmorency archives and one of his earliest ancestors was the famous Duc de Beaujeu.

His father died in his infancy and his mother then married Harry Vane Milbank, elder son of Sir Frederick Milbank, of Barningham, Yorkshire. She was a great society beauty and quickly achieved fame as a hostess in Paris. Lord Alfred Douglas was a frequent visitor and his father, the Marquess of Queensberry, was responsible for her first meeting with Milbank. King Edward VII., when Prince of Wales, was another of their friends, and Disraeli, the Duc de Morny, the Duke of Fife, Prince Radzivil and many other famous names of that era flocked to her salon.

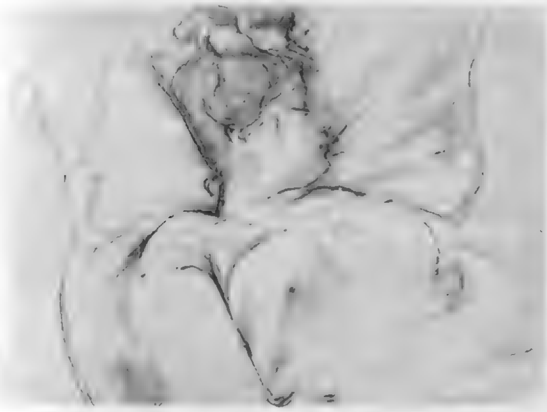
It was undoubtedly this that caused Mata Hari to introduce herself to Belleroche when she was appearing as a dancer at a night-club. She offered to sit for him and thereafter was often seen at the Avenue Montaigne house.

Another of his models, the Lili whom Lautrec made famous, died not long before the last war. The present Count de Belleroche remembers calling on her when he was a boy of about fifteen, with a bunch of flowers for her recently deceased third husband's grave. She took them from him and said she could find a better use for them—and promptly put them in a vase. She was at that time engaged in selling some of the many wonderful paintings with which her house at Couilly, Port aux Dames, was filled. The walls were covered with paintings by Lautrec, Dégas, Renoir, Fantin-Latour and many others: they were unframed, and were merely nailed up.

Visitors to the Leicester Galleries will find that all Belleroche's work reflects around the period of the Moulin Rouge. They will find, too, why Roger Marx, the famous art critic who discovered Renoir, paid so many tributes in his day to the work of the modest Belleroche.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST by Sargent. This portrait in oils of Belleroche as a young man was painted by Sargent in 1882, about the time when he made the now famous study of him, THE YOUNG MAN IN THE FLORENTINE COSTUME, now in New York, and his MADAME GAUTREAU, at the Tate Gallery. The sitter's husband refused to accept this latter portrait, saying that it "degraded" his wife.

YVETTE, lent by the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. Yvette played the violin, and one of her favourite tricks was to cry "crocodile tears" and say that it had been stolen and she had no money for another. In the top sketch, Belleroche has caught her with tears in her eyes.



Above: **LA DORMEUSE,** which is in a private collection in this country, is a study of Lili. *Below:* **CAFÉ DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.** George Moore, Manet, Oscar Wilde and Sargent were *habitués.* Here, Greek artist Jacques Rizo is on the left, Commander d'Arfeuil and Dr. Demét on the right.

OLYMPIA DE LA FONTAINE. A rare portrait of the famous model who sat a great deal for Dégas and other contemporary artists. She was held to be inordinately ugly, but was reputed to have the most beautiful figure of any model at the time. She was very friendly with the numerous artists who patronised the Moulin Rouge.

JEUNE FILLE A LA HARPE. One of the delicate pastels in the exhibition, which, like most of the pictures, is in the possession of the artist's widow. The drawings on show are in many mediums. The artist's favourite seems to have been chalk, with or without an accompanying wash, but there are some delightful crayons and pencil and charcoal sketches.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The Purpose of Lemonade

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Mrs. Whinebite's love-life has been disturbing us again. At least, when I say "love-life"—but I'll tell you the whole story.

A few weeks ago a rather dim little man called Hilary Joint came to stay at the Hotel. The Conductor, who met him in the bar, nicknamed him Lemonade, so you know the sort of little man he was. Unlike most of our Hotel Visitors, whose one idea is to avoid contact with the Local-Yokels, Lemonade let it be known that he wished to join in the social life of the place, and to satisfy this craving he joined the Library, attended a Church Social, and talked to babies in their perambulators and ladies exercising their dogs—me, for one.

"That's a dear little dog."

"Yes."

"Smart."

"Yes."

Perry, who loves to be noticed, minced about round Lemonade's legs.

"Is it a whippet?"

"Oh, no; he's a Manchester Terrier," I said, hastily picking Perry up before he could nip a piece out of Lemonade's trousers.

"Good Doggie," said Lemonade, and the Doggie bared his teeth.

I must say I felt pretty ashamed of Perry, but "whippet" is one of the words he understands, so I gave him a slap and he licked my nose and scampered off.

. . . before he could nip a piece out of Lemonade's trousers.

"Lovely little spot, this," said Lemonade, walking along beside me. "Salubrious."

"Yes."

"Away from the hurly-burly of life."

"Yes."

"You must find it quite difficult to fill in your time."

"Well, there always seems plenty to do."

"For instance?"

A little shutter came down in my brain with a click. This always happens when people ask me what we do with ourselves down here and I can never think of an adequate answer. "What do *you* do?" I said, taking the offensive.

"I go to the office," said Lemonade simply.

"I see."

"In the tube."

"Really?"

This soul-shattering conversation continued until we reached the end of the Parade and turned to come back again.

"I hope you are comfortable in the Hotel?"

"Very comfortable indeed, but it's not like home, is it?"

"No."

"There's no place like home," said Lemonade wistfully, whereupon I lost my head and asked him to tea.

Lady B. was dabbing at her face . . .

Lady B. and Faith said they would come and help me out, and I asked Mrs. Whinebite too. Faith said it was pretty big of me after what had happened about the fuchsias, but Mrs. Whinebite is always on the look-out for a boy-friend so it seemed only fair to let her have a snap (or should I say sip?) at Lemonade.

He arrived at four while I was still cutting bread-and-butter. However, Lady B. and Faith arrived soon afterwards so I turned him over to them and went back to the kitchen. When I brought in the tea I found them sitting on the edges of their chairs looking rather white. Lady B. was dabbing at her face with a very small, lace-edged handkerchief. Lemonade, natty in his pin-stripe, was leaning back, the picture of contentment.

"The country is very beautiful in the Spring," Faith was saying.

"Yes."

. . . stared at her like a rabbit fascinated by a snake.

"And now the evenings are drawing out it makes the days longer, doesn't it?" said Lady B.

"Yes, indeed. They say we are going to have a wonderful Summer because the oak is out before the ash," said Lemonade.

Faith began in a high, strained voice—

"When the oak is out before the ash
It shows we're going to have a splash.
When the ash is out before the oak.
Why, then we're going to have a soak."

"The English Summer is proverbial," said Lemonade.

"Tea! Tea!" I cried brightly, and Lady B. and Faith shot from their chairs as though they were on a sinking ship and the tea-table was the only lifeboat.

Lemonade's behaviour at tea can only be described as impeccable. He handed tea-cups, offered sugar, took some himself, using the sugar-tongs, and asked me whether I didn't think it was a pity doyleys had gone out of fashion. When Mrs. Whinebite arrived, we greeted her as though she were our dearest friend.

After about five minutes, it became clear to all that Lemonade had ceased to be my boy-friend and had become Mrs. Whinebite's, and never have I relinquished a claim to anything with better grace. Black eyes flashing and beads jangling, she leant towards him until her nose was almost touching his. Lemonade, squinting slightly, stared at her like a rabbit fascinated by a snake. As soon as tea was over she took him away to look at her garden.

"You don't mind, Henrietta, do you?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Whinebite."

"You see, Mr. Joint and I have so much in common."

After that, Mrs. Whinebite and Lemonade became what is known as inseparable. It gave rise to a great deal of Talk and everybody was grateful to them for enlivening an otherwise rather dull and cold Spring.

"Apart from the weather, what do you talk about?" I asked Mrs. Whinebite when I met her one day on her way to fetch Lemonade for their afternoon walk.

"All sorts of things," said Mrs. Whinebite, with a leer and a jangle of beads. "You, for instance."

"Me?"

"All of you. Hilary is fascinated by the Provincial Mind."

"Isn't your mind provincial too?"

"My *dear* Henrietta!" said Mrs. Whinebite pityingly. "Hilary says discovering Somebody Like Me in a Place Like This has been one of the supreme experiences of his life."

"You've got to hand it to her," said Lady B. when I repeated this conversation. "She's found hidden depths in Lemonade we never even suspected."

"Did you know he has an aeroplane?"

"I can't believe it!"

"Fact, I assure you. He keeps it at the Airport. He's going away in it to-morrow."

Next day we all lined up on the Cliff Path to wave good-bye to Lemonade. Mrs. Whinebite wasn't there. She had written "MIZPAH" on her lawn in big, white stones and was standing beside it waving a sheet. The aeroplane circled several times overhead and then made off in the direction of France.

"One would never suspect Lemonade of owning an aeroplane," said Lady B.

One would never suspect Lemonade of going off with the lead from the church tower, forty-five pounds in cash, and Mrs. Whinebite's silver spoons—but he did.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White

Diplomatic Hostesses: Mrs. M. A. H. Ispahani

This delightful study of the charming wife of the High Commissioner for Pakistan was taken in the Embassy's residence in St. John's Wood. The High Commissioner is a recognised authority on antique furniture, and his personal touch is much in evidence throughout this lovely house. Mrs. Ispahani herself, gracious and petite, her dark beauty perfectly complemented by the lovely saris she wears, is very fond of her home, which certainly makes a perfect setting for her. Her chief interest in life is definitely her family : one son qualified in law at Cambridge, and has returned to Pakistan to practise ; her daughter is at Girton studying Economics and also reading for the Bar at the Inner Temple, and the younger son is now at Harrow. In spite of her family ties, however, Mrs. Ispahani contrives to find time for active participation in various women's organisations, and she is the U.K. Branch President of the All Pakistan Women's Association. After two years in this country, she has grown to love it—but we feel that her family's fondness for their present home is a strongly contributory factor !

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

HALF-A-DOZEN YOUTHFUL VICTORS

PATRICK GREEN: For "Taking the Cake" at a Cookery Contest.

Last October, 25,000 young people entered for the Gas Council's National Youth Cookery Competition. This month, the field had been narrowed to ten girls and two boys. Pat is here receiving the first prize from Pat Smythe (Sportswoman of the Year). His winning Buffet Supper included Ambrosia, with, instead of Nectar, a concoction called "Crimson Pirate."

JULIE PRENTIS: For Harvey, a great Great Dane.

Harvey is not an invisible rabbit, 6 ft. high. He is a very visible Great Dane, who just *seems* to be 6 ft., and so far he has won all nine of the trophies we can see there on that table. His pretty owner, Julie Prentis, of High Beech, Essex, is just eighteen, and is the youngest member of the Great Dane Breeders' Association. She breeds them, she says, for a hobby.

ANN DEVEREUX: For Puzzling the Punters at a Point-to-Point.

At the South Oxfordshire Point-to-Point, held at Crowell, Miss Devereux, who had never entered a race before, was first of a field of seven in the Ladies' Race, on *Claney's Cottage*, her bay mare—who goes very well as bay mares go. . . . Miss Devereux is only eighteen. Come to that, so are *all* the people in these first three pictures. Just call it Natural Selection.

JANE DOWNS

TERENCE KNAPP

SHIRLEY ROBERTS

For Carrying Off the Medals at the R.A.D.A. Matinée.

These three young people won the Gold, Silver and Bronze medals at the annual R.A.D.A. Matinée this month, at which our own J. C. Trewin was one of the judges. Miss Downs (Gold), who appeared in the New Watergate revue, *Oddly Enough*, at Christmas, put in a vastly assured and amusing performance in Act I. of Pinero's farce, *The Times*. Both she and Miss Roberts (Bronze; she played Natalia in Act I. of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*) have been rewarded by a year's contract with H. M. Tennent's. Mr. Knapp (Silver; the Doctor in Turgenev's play) is to go to the Liverpool Repertory Company in August, and intends meanwhile to put in another term at the Academy; he came to R.A.D.A. from amateur theatricals in the R.A.F. and a year's broadcasting in Germany. Congratulations and good wishes to all three, with an especial handshake to Shirley Roberts (eighteen again; it must be Spring!) on the occasion of her marriage on the 15th of this month!

NO RISK FOR MAUREEN!

Lovely ex-Sadler's Wells dancer Maureen Swanson has just completed her second film-starring rôle, with Lloyd Bridges and Simone Silva in Hammer Films' *Third Party Risk*—and has satisfactorily proved once again that there was no "risk" attached to her change of career. Although her rôle is a dramatic one, her admirers will be pleased to hear that she does dance in the film, in which she plays Lolita, a dancer who trains a group of Spanish children for their part in a Fiesta.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Like the Base Indian

King of the Khyber Rifles
(Odeon, Marble Arch)

KING *of the Khyber Rifles* has CinemaScope ("You see it without the use of special glasses") and all the doings; including "Technicolor de Luxe," Tyrone Power, and "full magnetic, stereophonic sound"; which means, as far as I can discover, thunder to right of you, thunder to left of you; including, in this case, some heavy firing which seems to come from the general direction of Selfridge's.

Broadly—but *very* broadly—based on a good book by Talbot Mundy, the film describes how a certain Captain King of the Khyber Rifles, socially ostracised in the Officers' Mess because his mother was a Moslem, saves the Peshawar Garrison and the General's daughter, by leading an expedition into the hills and exterminating an army of rebels led by his own foster-brother. For this brave deed he earns military recognition and a secret sort of smile from the General's daughter (Terry Moore). How the General is going to tackle the clear probability of a mixed marriage is left in doubt.

Talbot Mundy's book dealt with an incident of the 1914–18 war. The film sets the story back in 1857, and the centenary of British rule in India. This takes the detail shrewdly out of range of living memory, makes the costumes prettier, and allows for a Victorian Birthday Ball that fills the screen with elegance and the sound-track with melody. CinemaScope's wide, pillar-box screen is, in fact, very well served by the horizontal spectacle of *King of the Khyber Rifles*. Sinister figures, apparently crawling on their bellies from Bayswater to Oxford Circus, come out well; enfilades of mounted troops, zig-zagging along a line roughly parallel with Oxford Street, come out even better; great ranges of firm, blue, distant, embracing mountains come out best of all.

The Pearl
(Rialto)

DEEPLY pessimistic, handsome and stylised, *The Pearl* is based on a John Steinbeck story, derived in its turn from a Mexican legend.

A simple fisherman plucks from the sea-bed a magnificent pearl. To him it represents freedom from poverty, and hope for the future; a rifle for himself, a soft bed for his wife, shoes and learning for his infant son. The woman, wiser, sees in it nothing but loneliness and death. She implores him to throw it back into the sea, and in the end he does so; but not until he has lost his home, his child and almost his own life in the struggle. Poverty, he realises too late, is better than the nightmare fear of pursuit, the envy and hatred of his fellow-men, that come with the possession of riches.

Mr. Steinbeck's fable and its symbolism are not always as impressive as they are meant to be; and the hopelessness, the utter despair of human nature, is carried to a dismal extreme. But *The Pearl* is always beautiful to look at. It was shot on the coast of Mexico at a point where great expanses of sea and land and sky combine to make wonderful patterns for the eye. The director, Emilio Fernandez, has done nothing haphazardly. All his effects are deliberate and calculated; his pictures of native dancers are thrilling; his close-ups of mother and child are often small miracles of loveliness.

Maria Elena Marques, the young Mexican actress who plays the wife, is an enchanting creature, gifted with both dignity and grace. The better-known Pedro Armendariz is an actor who can get a good, strong grip on a part. The baby is a darling, and it seems altogether too bad that the story had to have him killed by villains. The dialogue, by the way, is in English, with a Mexican accent. A melancholy picture, but one that stays in the mind.

NIGHT JOURNEY. Françoise Arnoul plays the part of the prostitute in *Companions of the Night* who, returning to Paris with her little son, falls in love with the truck-driver (Pierre Cressoy). Christian Fourcade plays the little boy.

Companions of the Night
(Marble Arch Pavilion)

"X" FOR Sex. This French film is a candid study of organised prostitution. But it manages to avoid salaciousness. It has a quality, a touch of class, that is generally missing from pictures of this type. Its director, Ralph Habib, is reckoned one of the most promising young *metteurs en scène* in France. Its star, Françoise Arnoul, is the current rage of Paris, I am told. ("*Everybody* wants Arnoul.") Incidentally, she is a very clever little actress.

Broadly speaking, *Companions of the Night* is an attempt to show that prostitutes don't lead happy lives, and why. One of the main reasons is the existence of *souteneurs* (a word the Censor won't allow translated); the men who lure them into service by false promises of marriage, beat them up, take away their babies, and live in comfort on their immoral earnings.

The story is told in a flashback by a prostitute to an Inspector of the Vice Squad in the corridor of a Paris hospital where they are waiting to learn the result of a desperate operation on the girl's lover, a lorry-driver. Olga has been a prostitute from her early teens. She has been in reform schools and prisons. Even her illegitimate child was born in prison. After serving her last sentence, she makes her way back to Paris to take up the only profession she knows. Paul, a friendly lorry-driver, gives her a lift to the city with her little son. Love blooms slowly. When Paul finds out how Olga earns her living, his interests and those of her *souteneur* become violently opposed. Violence begets violence, and *Companions of the Night* develops towards a climax in which the Paris police have no fewer than three corpses to deal with, and one very near-miss.

A squalid enough story, as you can see; but direction, photography and performance give it a certain dignity as well as pathos. Françoise Arnoul is an actress whom it is very easy to like. I can't imagine any jury hard-hearted enough to return a verdict against the unhappy girl she sketches. The recurring presence of the small boy, too, does a great deal for the film. If you fancy you recognise his peaked face with the wise, patient eyes, you are right. He is Christian Fourcade, Bing Crosby's small partner in *Little Boy Lost*. To me *Companions of the Night* gets nearest tears at the sound of the pathetic child's voice, as he lags behind, tired, clinging to his mother's hand, in the streets of a strange town; saying: "Mummy, when can we go back to prison?"

Some Other New Films

THE COMMAND (Warner Theatre).—A spectacular Western, shrewdly adapted for the CinemaScope screen; with a troop of U.S. Cavalry, led by a young doctor forced into emergency command, escorting a wagon train across prairies alive with hostile Indians. Thoroughly good and showy; excellent demonstration film for the wide-slot screen.

EASY TO LOVE (Empire).—A superb water spectacle, including some hundred water-skiers and enough foam to do all England's Monday washing, tops off a Hollywood romance about an Aqua Queen (Esther Williams) who is determined to marry her boss (Van Johnson). Tony Martin sings; floating beds of roses turn into revolving stages; the pretty coloured pictures move swimmingly; and to enjoy it there is no need to think of anything at all.

THE SEA AROUND US (Rialto).—A prize-winning, painstaking, slightly museum-ish version of Rachel Carson's book about the sea and the strange life, animal, vegetable and mineral, to be found in, under and beside it. The camera-work is miraculous, but it would be so much nicer if the commentators would sometimes stop commentating.

CASANOVA'S BIG NIGHT (Plaza).—A bad lapse of judgment on somebody's part sends Bob Hope, as a tailor's apprentice, to double for Casanova in 18th-century Venice. Loyally he wrings the last drop of fun from the limp, rather wet material; but I couldn't resist the fancy that for a ducat he'd have pushed Somebody gladly into the nearest canal.

Danny Kaye rests between *grands jetés* in the arms of Diana Adams, prima ballerina of the New York City Centre Ballet, during the screening of the hilarious ballet scenes from his new film, *Knock on Wood*. *Right:* It seems that Diana could do with a rest herself.

The Extraordinarily Horrible Dummy. Whenever ventriloquist Jerry Morgan (Danny Kaye) wants to go steady with a young lady, his dummy messes things up.

Enter a psychiatrist. But when Mai Zetterling plays the part, who wants to be well-balanced? Later, Mr. Kaye ably straightens out Miss Zetterling's neuroses.

DANNY BOY KAYE

In the new Danny Kaye film, *Knock on Wood*, which opens with a Charity Première at the Plaza Theatre this Friday (April 23rd), Mr. K. has a script specially written for his lunatic talent. Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, the writer-producers responsible for many of the early Crosby-Hope "*Road to . . .*" films, have collaborated with Danny and his wife, Sylvia, to produce a film that, beginning as melodrama, proceeds through various stages of improbability, involving spies and a blonde psychiatrist, knives in the back, an extraordinarily horrible dummy, a wicked imitation of an English car salesman, and a gadgeteer's dream of a car, to an hysterical appearance among, below and over the company of a Russian ballet. This is the film in which Mai Zetterling, as the psychiatrist, has been hailed by some critics as another Garbo.

Strictly Biographical : 7.

By Louis T. Stanley

Edgar Douglas Adrian, O.M.

IT has been said that there is no institution in the world like Trinity College, Cambridge, where so many young men of promise—very often though not always fulfilled—have passed the formative years of life, and made their friendships and undergone the influences that set their feet on the ladder of life, to say nothing of the innumerable men of learning and science and College administration who have grown old working within its walls. For more than 400 continuous years men have hoped and planned, worked and played, liked and disliked one another, formed and altered their opinions in a thousand different ways now utterly forgotten, from the time when the supreme issue in balance was whether England—and therewith Trinity—should be Roman Catholic or Protestant, down to our own hydrogen-bomb-threatened times.

Sometimes Trinity men have been in opposition on a crucial issue, as when Lord Chancellor Francis Bacon stands for ever contrasted with Chief Justice Coke on the question of King's Prerogative. Sometimes they are in conjunction, as when Earl Grey passed the great Reform Bill, with Lord Althorp as his principal lieutenant. Sometimes they have touched the same issue at successive stages; for instance, the conception of self-government in the British Dominions owes much to Charles Buller, its extension to Campbell-Bannerman, who conceded self-government to the Boers, and its definition to Earl Balfour. But whether they are of men who have agreed or disagreed, helped each other or hindered, the Trinity names in history are reasonably numerous; indeed, the College has helped in educating two Kings of England, six Prime Ministers, and all those Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, Judges and other notabilities who look down from their engravings massed on the walls of the Fellows' Parlour in august, but neglected, profusion.

These are sparkling drops, but they are only drops in the uncharted and fathomless ocean of Trinity's past. A man must be dull indeed if when he walks over the paving-stones and cobbles he is never moved by the thought of those who have passed that way before, nor should he be blind to greatness that is of to-day.

IN October 1908, a student entered Trinity as a Westminster Exhibitioner and a Major Entrance Scholar in natural science. That undergraduate was Edgar Douglas Adrian. His student-days were exceptionally brilliant, and he was elected to a Fellowship in 1913. He had pursued natural science as a student of medicine, completed the clinical part of his training at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and took his M.D. degree in 1919. During the first World War he was mainly occupied in the treatment of cases of shell-shock, first at Queen's Square in London, and then at Farnborough. At the latter place he was associated with a number of distinguished men, such as G. I. Taylor, F. W. Aston and Lord Cherwell.

Though Adrian could have been a most able and successful physician, his predominant interests were in teaching and in scientific research on the physiology of the brain and nervous system. After the war he accepted the invitation of the College to return to Trinity as a College lecturer. He came back to the staircase E Great Court, on which he had lived as an undergraduate, merely ascending one flight from E 1 to Newton's room in E 4. In 1929 Adrian became Foulerton Research Professor of the Royal Society, and relinquished his College lectureship. He held this post until 1937, when he became Professor of Physiology in the University and a professorial Fellow of the College. Members of Trinity received with utmost satisfaction the news that the Crown had appointed Adrian to the Mastership of the College upon the retirement of G. M. Trevelyan in 1951. It would be tedious to enumerate the many honours that have been showered upon the Master. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Society in 1923, becoming President in 1950, but it was the two greatest, the Nobel Prize in 1932 and the Order of Merit in 1942, that endorsed his reputation as one of the greatest of living scientists.

FOR a layman it is difficult to appreciate the range of Professor Adrian's researches. I recall a lucid lecture that he gave some time ago in Newcastle-upon-Tyne on *The Responsibilities of the Brain*. Elementary in parts, it provided nevertheless something of a background against which to survey his work. He pointed out that apart from some cases of gross mental defect, few neurologists would claim that they could tell from an examination of the brain structure whether it was that of a very stupid or a very clever man, a man who had been thoroughly schooled or allowed to run wild, a fact that was not so much a reflection on our methods of examining brain structure as a tribute to the immense range of intelligent behaviour.

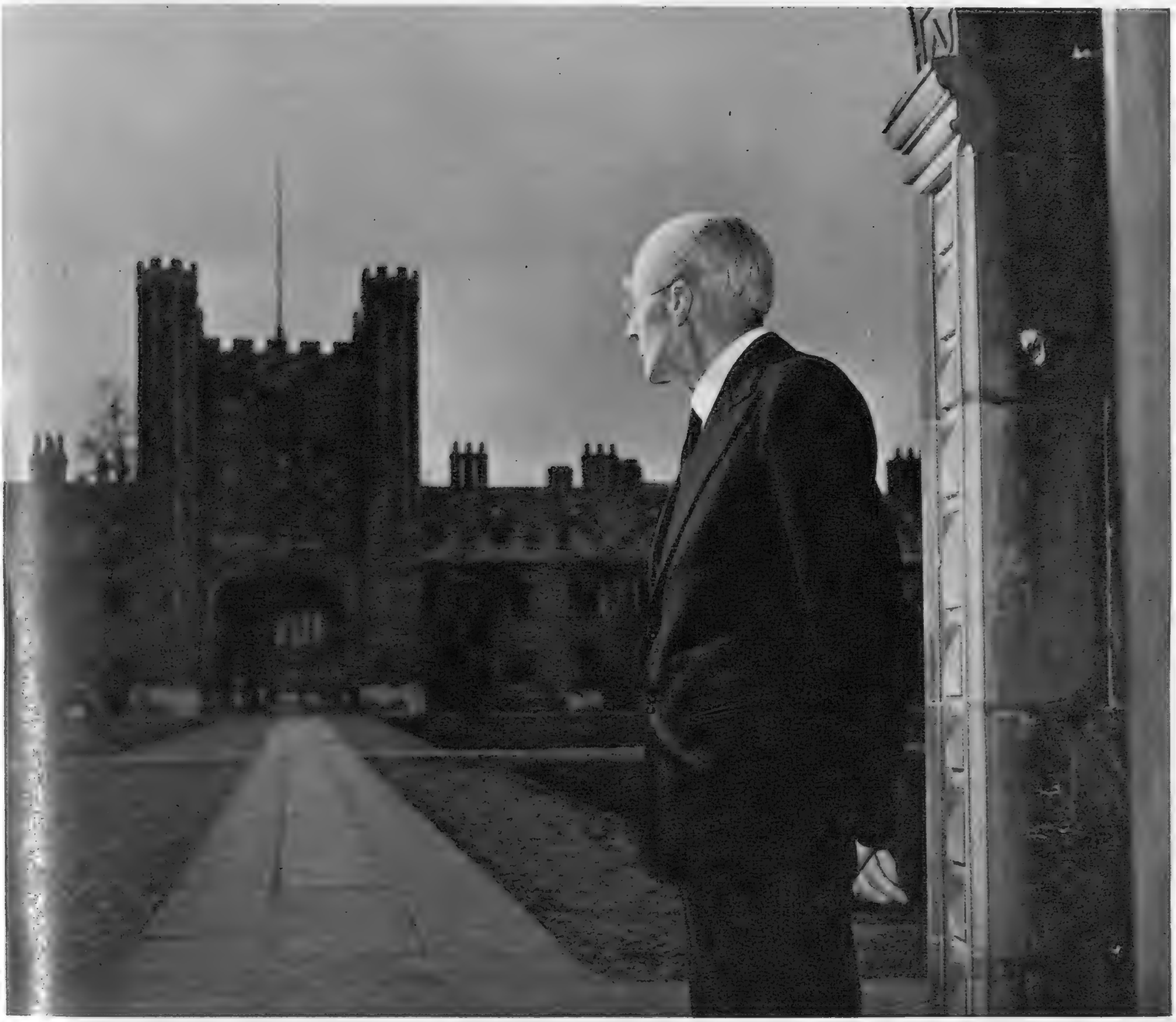
His survey of past methods was interesting. He referred to the writings of the French physiologist Xavier Bichat in 1799, who, when dealing with the supply of arterial blood to the brain pointed out that men with long necks were often slow and hesitant and men with short necks energetic and decided, ascribing the difference to the greater distance between heart and brain in the long-necked. Adrian next touched on the science of physiognomy developed by Gall and popularised in this country by his pupil, Spurzheim, describing their naïve method of trying to correlate the shape of the head and face with the known character of the subject. Unfortunately Gall's work was taken too seriously and went too far, the science of physiognomy being changed to that of phrenology. Adrian came next to Lombroso's famous book on *Criminal Man* published in 1876, which began by regarding all criminals as distinct anthropological types with definite structural peculiarities pointing to atavism or degeneracy. He found peculiarities in their skulls, in the convolutions of their brains and in their general build. These views never won general acceptance, final disproof being in 1913, when Dr. Charles Goring examined a large number of prisoners and found that Lombroso's physical criteria were no commoner among them than among the general population.

Professor Adrian indicated that the fate of these theories showed how easy it is to jump to false conclusions when we look for correlations between particular habits of body and particular habits of mind. The difficulty was largely one of measurement, of reducing the data to numerical form; and it must always be present when we are dealing with such intractable material as the shape of the head or the honesty of its owner. He said that our present ideas about brain physiology in relation to behaviour meet the same difficulty and some of our conclusions may be equally rash, but we now have a method which tells us something about the general pattern of activity in the brain.

About twenty years ago Dr. Matthews and Professor Adrian investigated the claims that Hans Berger was making about what he called the Electroencephalogram—how by applying two electrodes to the surface of the head and connecting them with a string galvanometer, it was possible to detect a regular current fluctuation with a frequency of about 10 cycles a second. Berger gave evidence to show that these currents were generated by the brain, and he supposed that they represented its basic activity. The rhythm ceased if the attention was aroused and it could not always be found, but it was there so often that Berger felt justified in naming it the α rhythm. Matthews and Adrian had no difficulty in finding the α rhythm in the record from the surface of the head and in satisfying themselves that Berger was right in supposing it to come from the brain.

Professor Adrian declared that it was then a well-established fact that there were these considerable differences in the electrical records of brain activity in different individuals. The difference was as characteristic as difference in the shape of the head or in handwriting. The subject in Adrian's original experiments showed a fairly persistent α rhythm over a period of years, and various of his colleagues remained true to their particular type for the same

Specially photographed for "THE



·ngth of time. The most striking difference was in the rhythm. n most people the waves appeared when the eyes were closed and the attention relaxed, but they did not then continue indefinitely, usually varying in size and in mode of onset, and the sequence was broken by frequent gaps. At either end of the scale there were two extreme types, a small percentage of subjects with an extremely constant rhythm, and a small percentage with none at all.

There were other features of the electroencephalogram which appeared less often. The waves could be faster or slower than usual, they could be irregular in size and frequency and there could be occasional isolated spikes. Such records were often associated with definite evidence of clinical abnormality, epilepsy or some kind of nervous instability.

Adrian referred to the method which aimed at adjusting a disturbed balance of the different parts of the brain mechanism. No one knew much about the way in which such a balance was achieved in the normal brain, but it was found that deliberate injury to the frontal lobes would diminish the forces which lead to anxiety and criticism of self and others and would produce at all events a more tractable patient who was not necessarily the worse for the permanent loss of some of his brain. He pointed out that we produce much the same effect temporarily on our brains by some of the drugs which we take to escape from our troubles, though alcohol and morphia and aspirin may all adjust the balance in different ways. The surgical treatment was, of course, irrevocable and no one would want to use it without very good cause, but there was reason to hope that before long the surgeons would have a much better understanding of what they were doing and would be able to pick out the particular sections of the machinery which were too much in evidence. It was to be noted that the balancing factors were not necessarily confined to the brain. An over-active thyroid could disturb behaviour and the disturbance could be corrected by removing it surgically or controlling it by drugs.

Professor Adrian issued the timely warning that if our behaviour was under the control of our brains and if our brains could be altered by the neuro-surgeon to make our behaviour conform to the standard pattern, we should be watchful of the frightening implications of such a power; but he pointed out that there was no reason nowadays to single out the medical profession in general and the brain surgeons in particular for these heart searchings: those who have to do with the training of the young, who implant the moral principles or, if we prefer it, establish the conditional reflexes, have far more responsibility for mankind than those who deal with the structure of the brain.

THE physicist has the same dangers to face when he finds new ways of splitting the atom as the chemist when he makes a new insecticide and the pathologist when he extracts a bacterial toxin. The advances of scientific knowledge can certainly be harmful if they are put to the wrong uses. In taking more responsibility for the brain we should make sure that we leave some responsibility to the individual, but we were not all so well balanced that we should reject this chance of mending our ways.

E SKETCH" by Harold White.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The M.G. Midget

THE cars that most of us remember from our early days of motoring were in the main open tourers. Then the saloon came into its own and it was almost impossible to buy an open car. There were a few drop-head coupés and the odd specially-built tourer, but that was all. Now, thanks to overseas demand, there is quite a number of open cars to choose from, although they are still of the drop-head coupé type now termed "convertible."

But one car that will always be remembered, certainly by me and doubtless by most between-wars motorists, is the M.G. *Midget*. The very familiar little car that set a new style in its early days has been with us ever since. The newest version, called the "T.F.", recently gave me some fresh-air motoring which I enjoyed enormously.

The front has received treatment and, while it still has the famous and well-loved appearance, the radiator slopes back to meet a downward slope on the bonnet. The front wings have been reshaped to shroud the headlights. This is neater and tidier.

Mechanical modifications which provide improved performance include a higher compression ratio, employed with larger inlet ports, and larger valves. There certainly is a new verve in what has always been a lively little engine. The experience of a spring day with the M.G. open and the road before me provided evidence, if it were needed, why this car is still in such demand. For a young man this seems to me the right sort of motoring. With the all-weather equipment in position, one is as snug as can be in the car. And to be able to enjoy the air and sun so readily is delightful.

The M.G. handles nicely. One does not expect a soft-cushion ride, of course, but it is pleasant and secure. The brakes are first-class and the steering accurate.

A night drive brought one point home. The dipper switch is not too easy to reach quickly with the left foot, and the double-dip headlights seemed to worry other drivers. That last point, by the way, is not the fault of M.G.'s only, but one I experience in many cars.

So I now appreciate why this *Midget* goes on and on, keeping abreast of modern design and appearance and retaining the distinctive *Midget* look.

CURRENT TOPICS

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The Spring Check-Up

I SUPPOSE it may be said that the Popular Motoring Season is now upon us. Perhaps a few reminders may not come amiss. I have in mind the statistics which the motoring organisations compile each year concerning breakdowns.

It seems that ignition is responsible for most breakdowns, so I think it is only sensible to have one's ignition system gone over with a fine-tooth comb. Every wire examined, connection checked, and coil tested now should prevent any possibility of being let down on some summer excursion. Remember, too, that petrol systems that are cleaned out now cannot cause you trouble with choked feeds later on. This sort of preventative maintenance will repay in trouble-free motoring in the spring and summer and even beyond.

It has always struck me that most motorists are not very good at this preventative work. Yet surely it is the obvious thing to do. We go to the dentist for a periodic check-up. We have our chimneys swept before they catch afire. But we leave ignition leads oil-soaked and ragged until they let us down! A little thought on these lines will keep you out of the R.A.C. statistics for the coming season, I am sure.

Cyclists Ahoy!

VARIOUS things come into bloom just now. And one of these is the sight, from the rear, of a waggle of cyclists—if that be the correct noun of assemblage for the species! How they complain if you should blow your horn as a warning that you are about to overtake!

I had black looks galore the other day. But what am I to do? They *will* bunch up and spread out across the road. They make no attempt to keep watch for what is coming behind. Why they are not compelled to carry a mirror I just cannot imagine. Just another indication of the freedom of the road, I suppose. Free to do as they like where they like and without any licence. It really is time that cyclists, individual or *en masse*, came in for a little bit of control.

Tulips for Easter

THE tulip-fields of Lincolnshire will soon be a sight worth seeing. The A.A. have issued for their members a map giving the best route to take to see this spectacle. The route is sign-posted for all to follow, member or not. This is the sort of service that the motoring organisations present to the nation's motorists as a whole, and for which they get little credit.

But the route round Spalding and westwards to Holbeach will provide a very pleasant tour. If you can keep away from week-ends, so much the better, as it is apt to become crowded.

When to go? Well, usually the last week in April or the first two weeks in May. But spring is a little late this year; certainly in my part of the country. It is almost as much as three weeks behind last season, if we can go by the daffodils.

Double-Dipper Headlamps

I MADE mention above of double-dipper headlamps. I am sorry, but I just cannot agree with the experts that this is the right form of dipping. Either the headlamps are too difficult to adjust or they do not retain their setting long enough. Car after car so equipped causes me trouble on the road at night.

I also have a pre-war car with single dip, or dip and switch, that provides a happy contrast. At night, I can see better with the single light in the dipped position than with a double-dip affair. Also, I get no complaint from oncoming cars!

This has been a subject for argument since double-dip was introduced. I am not going to argue any more. I am convinced that we've got it, like it or no, and once more the motorist takes what he is given and just has to put up with it. But one day we may come into our own.

A Holiday Rally

TO enter for a Continental Rally with your car is perhaps an undertaking which many will never consider. It is feared to be too hard on both car and drivers and passengers.

Now that may be true of many Rallies, but it certainly cannot be said of the London – Languedoc – Sète Touring Rally being planned by the G.B. Car Club. The organisers describe it as the "more gentle kind of motoring fun . . . a holiday event." The Rally leaves London on July 9th and is open to members of the G.B. Car Club. The programme, filled with items such as wine-tasting, banquets and entertainments seems to hold out promise of a pleasant ten days.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

Success Story

Peggy van Praagh

Photo: Denis de Marney.

EARLY this month, the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet left England for a seven-weeks season in South Africa. In charge of all the complicated administrative detail of the move was the Assistant Director of the Company, Peggy van Praagh.

* * *

We met at the coffee-bar of the theatre. Over ham rolls and hard-boiled eggs, Miss van Praagh told me something of her history. " I 've just written a book about it," she said. " It 's designed for twelve-year-olds; you may not have read it. Really it 's one of a series about how people became things—nursing sisters, engine drivers, and all that. Mine 's called *How I Became a Dancer*. It doesn't hide the difficulties, I 'm afraid. I don't think we 're going to have many twelve-year-olds rushing into the profession."

For, when Peggy van Praagh finished her training it was even harder to get a job as a dancer than it is now. It was in 1929; Diaghilev was dead, and so was Pavlova; there was not yet any English ballet. She had started dancing when she was four; her first public appearance came when she was five; it was with a pierrot troupe at Torquay. But, although a trained dancer, she felt that she had no future except in teaching. So that, in 1930, when Sadler's Wells Ballet was born, she didn't even try for the Company, because by then she had a school and responsibilities of her own.

In 1933, she was lucky enough to be asked to join the Ballet Rambert, known then as the Ballet Club, dancing principally on Sunday evenings; during this period she also met and worked with Agnes de Mille. In 1938, she left Ballet Rambert to become a principal dancer with Anthony Tudor, who was then forming his own company. A year later, after the war broke out and Tudor had gone to America, she and Maude Lloyd directed and danced in this company at the Arts Theatre.

During the Blitz, she started a programme of Lunch Hour Ballet; it was called *Ballet for a Bob*, and people used to come with their trays and sandwiches from 1 to 2 p.m., applauding wildly in a spray of crumbs. A " bob-a-nob " wouldn't cover running costs, however, and the enterprise failed, but it had made its contribution to morale at that time and to all that early missionary work which has led to the present popularity of ballet.

In 1941, she joined the Wells. How she came to get the job as a member of the *corps de ballet* (as well as teaching the Company) is a story that must be saved for the twelve-year-olds. In any case, she was dancing principal rôles again within nine months.

But she did not stop giving classes. And so, when the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet was started late in 1945, she was offered the post of Ballet Mistress. To accept meant giving up dancing; she thought for a long while before accepting. In 1951, she found herself responsible for the Company's North American tour—a tour that crossed the continent, went north into Canada, and dipped south almost into Mexico, visiting sixty-seven towns altogether. "We never lost a dancer," she said with pride. Six months after their return, her appointment was confirmed as Assistant Director of the Theatre Ballet, under Dame Ninette de Valois, who, having also the responsibility of the Ballet at Covent Garden and of the School, allows a very wide measure of delegation. Peggy van Praagh has arrived at a position of authority not held by many women of her years.

SO much for the success story! Like most, it is a story in which luck has played a large part. Good luck and bad luck—" If I hadn't been having tea with Robert Helpmann," . . . " If only the Sadler's Wells Ballet had begun a year earlier." . . . *Like flies to wanton boys are we to the gods.* " Ifs " and " if onlys " mark the rungs of the ladder, but to climb it is an activity of the human will and personality.

Peggy van Praagh has climbed the ladder without losing heart, and without losing the qualities of heart. She could not be a dancer without warmth, after all, and she has kept that warmth in spite of the routine of administration and the demands of discipline: " It 's frightening to discover," she said ruefully, " that people are afraid of you." The theatre gives her little time for private life, but she has a flat in London, and boasts that, since Sunday is her only day off, she can cook a Sunday dinner with anyone—roast beef and potatoes, Yorkshire, the lot! She has a tortoiseshell cat named *Topher* (the second half of Christopher), of whom she is inordinately fond, but who had to be left in England when the Company started its tour.

There are three months to go, with a new ballet opening in the middle of the tour. The Company is taking two conductors, but will have to accustom itself to the unfamiliar Cape Town Municipal Orchestra. Forty dancers, the stage and administrative staff, and all the sets and costumes for the season are something to cope with, but Peggy van Praagh has been used to coping all her life.

JOHN BOWEN.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Hail to Summer!

Sophistication and simplicity are combined in this summer " several occasions " dress, that would be a charming choice for a débutante. In black-and-grey spotted brocade, with black satin bows at the low waistline, it has a tiny sleeveless spencer-jacket, with a neat collar. When the jacket is removed, the dress has a strapless top. Made to order by Joy Ricardo, at Woollands, Knightsbridge.

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

The newest cream colour, so cool-looking, and so flattering to the skin. A button-through, princess dress, piped and buttoned in black, in the amusing "straw-cloth" of the season, with a demure collar and tiny sleeves. By Estrava, price about 75s. 9d., from Bourne and Hollingsworth.

BEAUTY NEWS

ARRIVAL FROM PARIS. It is good news for admirers of the *Guerlain* perfumes that the full range of *Guerlain* beauty products are now available in this country. A finely-textured powder, "Visage de Nuée," in six shades, costs 18s., and lipsticks are 15s., and refills 7s. 6d., in new "easy-change" cases. For foundation, their Day Creams are recommended. No. 5 for normal skins, No. 2 for dry skins, and No. 1 for skins with oily tendencies. Price 10s. 6d.

TREATMENT FOR DRY SKINS. A new, greaseless liquid, with beautifying ingredients for a dry, parched skin, is *Helena Rubinstein's* "Vitamin-Lanolin Formula." Made up of a combination of Vitamin A and Lanolin, this can be used as a round-the-clock nutriment, as it is so quickly and thoroughly absorbed. It is also a rough-weather protection for all types of skin, and can be used for an after-shave lotion. Price 9s. 9d., double size 17s. 3d.

NEW PERFUME RANGE. To appear in May, *Dorothy Gray* has created a new fragrance series, "Wedgwood," with a light romantic perfume that will rapidly become a favourite. The bottles and boxes are in the classical style of the traditional Wedgwood jasper ware, in soft cloudy blue, with the graceful white figures of the "Dancing Hours." The range runs from Bath Soap, 3s. 9d. a tablet, to perfume in a silver-stoppered jasper flask, at 7 gns., with a purse perfume phial at 15s.

MORE PERFUME NEWS. For lovers of *Lancôme's* delightful perfumes, "Magie" and "Trésor," there is the good news that their "Eaux parfumées" (not to be confused with colognes or toilet waters, but a solution of the perfumes in pure French alcohol) are now available here in small sizes, at £2 0s. 6d.

Peter Clark

from the Gainsborough Room at

Picture gown in bordered lace over net and taffeta in a variety of good colours. Actual Hips 36, 40. 22½ gns. 42. 24½ gns.

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Spring in the Home

ALTHOUGH it is said that nearly 90 per cent. of the goods sold for interior decoration in this country are in the traditional mood, there is a vital movement in contemporary furnishing design, and as new modern furnishing departments are opening, more people are showing interest, particularly the young who are starting a home. The feeling that contemporary furnishings are a continuation of "utility" design persists, but wrongly. There is also, unfortunately, much that is bad, garish and even hideous, that frightens the discerning. However, the best modern products show masterly conception and, whether they be in furnishing fabrics, wallpapers, china, glass or furniture, will mingle harmoniously with the best products from other periods.

A furnishing fabric and wallpaper that bring gaiety with them. The fabric is screen-printed cotton, with a floral design on a red ground. Price 23s. 9d. a yard. The wallpaper, suitable for a hall or passage, or a vividly contrasting panel, has black lines and white diamonds on a blue ground. Price 4s. 6d. a roll. Both from Sanderson's, Berners Street.

This low-slung chair is new in design and comfortable to sit in. By Kelvin McAvoy, in various fabrics and colourings, it costs 13 gns., from Liberty. The metal and walnut magazine rack, £3 5s. 6d., and the Swedish rug, £3 12s. 6d. in the smallest size, are also from Liberty. The lime-green and white wallpaper is 6s. a roll from Sanderson's.

We show three fabric designs that are new and completely different. Although they are in the contemporary mood, they would also live happily with traditional furniture and fittings. *Left:* A striking floral pattern in Egyptian cotton warp and weft satin, by Eileen Bell, price 26s. 11d. a yard from George M. Brown, Tottenham Court Road. *Centre:* Printed translucent percale, with a floral design that stands out when seen against the light. 19s. 9d. a yard from Liberty. *Right:* A formal-abstract design in black and white on a grey rayon-faced satin, by Paule Vezelay, 26s. 11d. a yard from Brown's, Tottenham Court Road.

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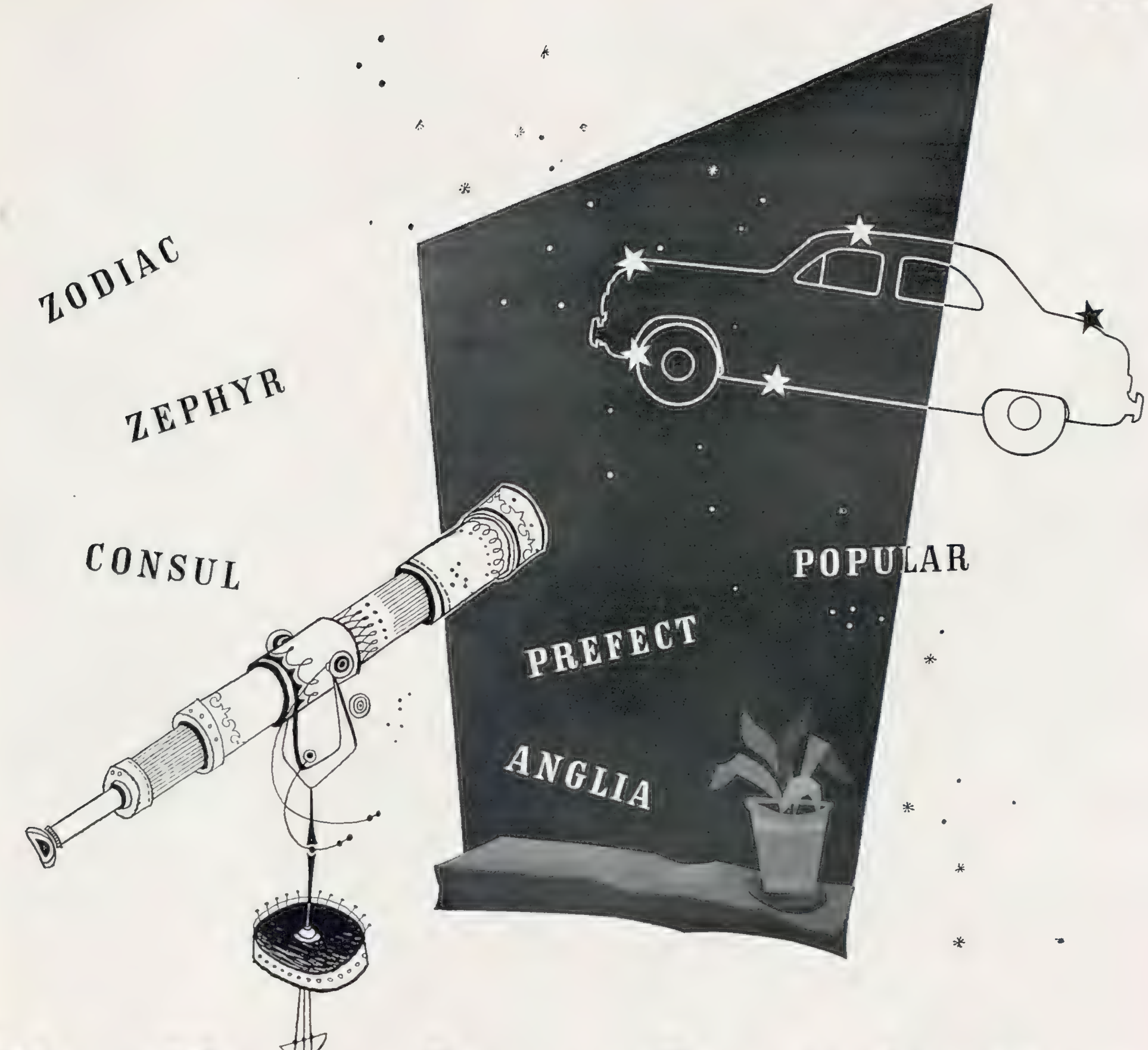

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